Week ending March 10 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

SOMEONE HAS TALKED!
SEE PAGE 5

★ It's good

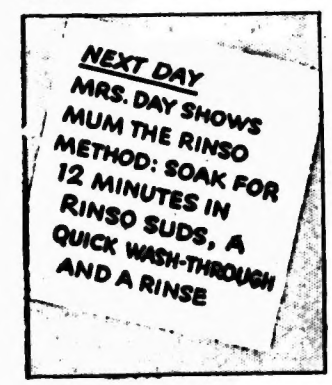
to get

BOVRIL

★ Bovril gives you the warmth and comfort you need these days. It is stimulating as a drink, and delicious in your cooking. The war has changed many familiar things, but the high quality of Bovril remains the same.

In bottles—1 oz. 7½d.: 2 oz. 1/2; 4 oz. 2/1½d.; 8 oz. 3/9; 16 oz. 6/2

MUM WAS A REAL OLD DIE-HARD



THIS IS NICE. THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME TO GET MY WASH DONE SO QUICKLY
RINSO
IS A No. 1 SOAP POWDER
3½ PACKET, 1 COUPON
7D PACKET. 2 COUPONS

B 3206-414

R. S. Hudson Limited

FOOD FACTS for expectant mothers

These are your priority foods

AS an expectant mother you are entitled to certain priority foods, essential for your own and your child's health.

As soon as you have a certificate from your doctor, health visitor or certified midwife, take it or send it with your own ration book to your Food Office. You will then be given a green ration book (R.B.2) modified to meet your special needs. You can start to use this in addition to your own directly you have registered with your shops.

The extras to which the green ration book entitles you are:

MILK: 7 pints a week—at reduced price of 2d. a pint under the National Milk Scheme, or free, according to income. This is in addition to the ordinary allowance of milk on your own ration book.

EGGS: Two shell eggs at each allocation; one on the green book and one on your own.

DRIED EGGS: Six packets every four weeks; four on the green book and two on your own.

MEAT: A half ration of meat on the green book in addition to the full ration on your own.

CONCENTRATED ORANGE JUICE: You can get this at welfare centres, clinics and food offices. A six-ounce bottle costs 5d. You should take a tablespoonful in water every day.

COD LIVER OIL OR VITAMINS A & D TABLETS: You get these also at welfare centres, etc. A bottle of cod liver oil costs 10d. and lasts for six weeks. Tablets are 10d. for 45. Take a teaspoonful of cod liver oil or one tablet every day.

If you are entitled to free milk you will also get cod liver oil (or tablets) and orange juice free.

After your baby is born

When your baby is born and the birth has been registered, take or send both your own ration book and the green ration book to the Food Office. They will be altered to allow the following extras:

MILK: The mother of a child under 12 months is allowed 7 pints a week (at full retail price) on her own ration book.

The child gets 7 pints a week on his green ration book, at the reduced price of 2d. a pint, or free, according to income.

EGGS: Until your child is 6 months you continue to get one egg per allocation on your own ration book and one on the child's green book.

All babies from six months to eighteen months can have eggs at the rate of three a week. Take your baby's ration book to the Food Office and you will be given authority to get them.

You are of course allowed 2 packets of dried eggs every four weeks, and children are allowed 4 packets of dried eggs every four weeks as long as they hold the green book.

MEAT: The child gets a half ration of meat on the green ration book.

COD LIVER OIL AND ORANGE JUICE: Your baby should have these every day.

THIS IS WEEK 32—THE LAST WEEK OF RATION PERIOD No. 8 (Feb. 4th to Mar. 3rd)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 243

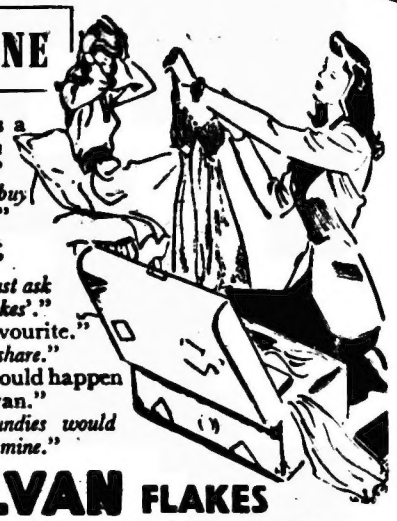
The hands that punch a thousand tickets . . . .

kept beautiful with

L'Onglex Powder

NAIL POLISH

HOW IT'S DONE



"Your undies are as chic as a bride's trousseau yet you haven't bought any for ages."
"*True enough, but you see I do buy Sylvan Flakes—that's the secret.*"
"You must be dreaming. You can't buy Sylvan now!"
"*Of course you can. But you must ask for Sylvan — not just 'soap flakes'.*"
"You must be the grocer's favourite."
"*No, I only get my share.*"
"I wonder what would happen if I asked for Sylvan."
"*I guess your undies would begin to look like mine.*"

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

52FF (Rev.)

Radio Gillette calling! Hullo, to all of you back home. We can take it, out here. Blue Gillettes are temporarily 'out of action.' Meanwhile, at home, you'll find the Standard Gillette Blade can take it, too — on the chin! They're steeling our morale. As keen as ever — though a bit deployed!

Gillette in battledress

"Standard" Gillette Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

Sometimes difficult to get — but always worth finding. Production still restricted

Naafi CLUBS ARE TRUMPS!

In the new Naafi clubs, a variety of comforts and amusements awaits the Service man and woman — lounges, well-stocked libraries, quiet reading and writing-rooms, cheerful taverns, games-rooms, cafeterias, baths and showers and barber's shops, dances, cabarets, discussion groups, debates and lectures. Each club has a mending and darning service, and electric irons are available.

The cost of establishing these clubs is borne entirely by Naafi — yet another way in which Naafi provides amenities for the Forces.

NAAFI CLUBS are open at

MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Buildings, **SOUTHAMPTON** Havelock Road, **LEEDS** Albion St., **NORWICH** Rampant Horse St., **NOTTINGHAM** 5-9 Bridlesmithgate, **DARLINGTON** Park Gate, **PLYMOUTH** Lockyer Street.

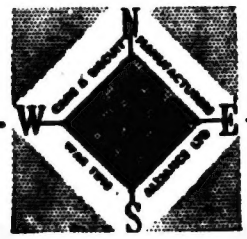
Other clubs will shortly open at: Aberdeen, Doncaster, Lincoln, Carlisle, Chester and Sleaford.

Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey

You like Biscuits

Who doesn't? Unfortunately, just now you can't get all you want, nor those lovely assortments of pre-war days. But they will come back.
And meantime, the biscuits we do get are packed full of nourishing and energy-creating ingredients. Furthermore, they are easy on the digestion and you can therefore take it that

. . . they like you!



CVS-108

If you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save many lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

IT'S NO TROUBLE
HAVE A MACLEAN
SHAVE
1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
2 Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.
3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.
MACLEANS

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1/3 PER JAR

s.c.8

It's a Wisdom

WAKE UP YOUR MOUTH WITH ITS TONIC TOUCH

TEST the Wisdom Toothbrush yourself. Feel how its anchored Nylon tufts spring into action the moment you start. See how much cleaner it leaves your teeth. Enjoy the fresh invigorating sparkle it gives to your mouth. Then you'll appreciate why more and more people are asking for Wisdom.

Wisdom TOOTHBRUSH

OUTLASTS THREE ORDINARY BRUSHES

Made by Addis Ltd., makers of the first toothbrush in 1780

March 10 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2021 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

WOUND STRIPES

OUR GRAVELY WOUNDED men are being shamefully treated.

That was the charge made by Sir Ian Fraser, the blind M.P. It has not been refuted, though it has already extracted a partial concession.

Sir Ian pointed out that men sent back from the battle-fronts with crippling injuries were being thrown out of the Services within a few days of reaching a British hospital.

Thus arose a bitter anomaly. In one bed was a man who could be made fit enough for further service. In the next lay a soldier with limbs shot away in Eastern jungles.

The first was being given free rations — and better rations—for he was still entitled to all the care the Services provide. But the second had become a civilian. He was called upon to pay for his maintenance out of his pension. He was made to feel unwanted, discarded, "finished."

THIS SHOCKING penalisation of the wounded soldier has been going on for more than five years. Now—thanks to the protests of Sir Ian and others—the War Office has announced that, in future, disabled men will not be discharged from the Service for at least eight months.

The relaxation of this heartless regulation is long overdue. It does not, even yet, go far enough.

The whole idea of throwing men out of the Forces before their wounds are healed is revolting to all decent ordinary people. Brass-hearted War Office chiefs cannot be allowed so callously to evade their clear duty.

Elementary justice demands that no disabled man should be discharged from the Forces before he is fit to re-enter civil life. Till then, the cost of his unkeep should be borne wholly by the authorities.

In all wars, the soldier—so active in defence of his country—has been all too defenceless of his own interests.

It is to remove this grotesque anomaly that JOHN BULL has pledged itself to secure justice for the Serving Man and Woman.

The Editor

ALL OUT FOR THE FINISH

Von Rundstedt's Defences. Master Problem for San Francisco. The Riddle of Reparations. Air Transport Monopoly. Cracked Cup Peril. Guying a Gauleiter

WHAT WILL BE THE SHAPE of the new offensive on the Western Front?

Prophecies are always dangerous, and none more so than some being made privately by high officers in London and junior commanders in the line.

"It should all be over in a few weeks," they say.

We seem to have heard that before. In 1944, for example. And even in 1943.

Rundstedt's Escape

They may prove right. But it is best to be cautious. Above all, we must remember that Von Rundstedt is an extremely clever general—"the best," Montgomery says, "I have ever fought."

He has proved his ability to postpone utter disaster several times. We must now face the fact that, despite heavy losses and grave inferiority in men, armour and aircraft, he has managed to get the cream of his forces across the Rhine.

Across the Rhine

Crossing that broad and rolling river will be one of the most difficult and hazardous tasks we have undertaken since D-Day. It cannot be done immediately; we must expect a period of intense preparation before we can make the leap.

That period will enable Rundstedt to improvise another defence line on the other side, and we know by experience how tough such lines can be.

The Germans say that we have several airborne divisions available. The certainty is that we shall need all the strength and skill we can muster.

It is equally sure that we shall succeed. But it is too early yet for people at home to sit back and take the final events for granted.

Stalin is Ready

BERLIN REPORTS, too, that our Russian friends are ready for their last all-out offensive.

It will doubtless coincide with our own attack on the Ruhr, and it should sweep the Russian armies to the very gates of Berlin and Vienna.

Eisenhower, Montgomery, and Stalin are supremely confident that, given reasonable weather, the Spring will yield a decision. And that is probably the limit of rational prophecy.

A Necessary Journey

EVERYONE IS PLEASED at the choice of the Deputy Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary to represent Great Britain at San Francisco next month. Both Mr. Attlee and Mr. Eden stand high in public esteem.

"I hope the San Francisco conference," Mr. Attlee told the House of Commons, "will result in a system of security under which Europe may at last settle down."

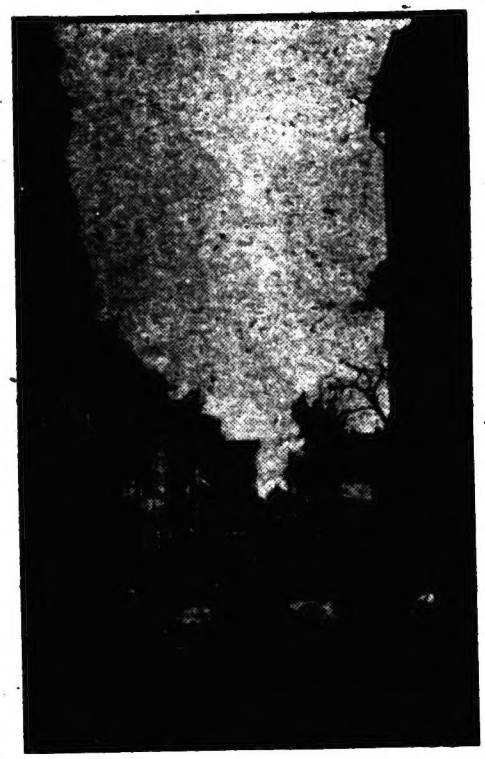
In that sentiment all sane persons will concur. Even V weapons will not have been in vain if they dispel the crazy superstition, "wars always have been and wars always will be."

German Riddle

Germany, of course, is the snag. We have to be sure, as Mr. Attlee said, that she is prevented from rearming. The problem is not easy; but its solution lies in an era of total inter-Allied control of German industry.

If such control is not to be so intolerable to the Germans as to become unworkable, the first objective of the controllers will have to be the provision of a standard of living for the German people comparable with that of their opposite numbers in Britain or France.

After the first and difficult period of transition and reconstruction, it should be possible to establish German industrial output at a level sufficient not only to maintain the standard of living in Germany, but also to yield a German export surplus by way of reparation for the damage done by Nazi aggression abroad.



Through the wrecked streets of Cleve, British troops advance to seek out snipers—and to press on to other German towns

Transformation Scene

An Economic Reconstruction Board, charged with the direction of German industry, could remove from the Reich all aircraft manufacture and other industry easily convertible to war purposes, and, instead, harness German skill and diligence to the production of peaceful wares for the enjoyment of Germans and others.

Through curtailing the uneconomic agricultural production of the highly protected estates in Junker-ridden Prussia, it could at one and the same time cheapen German living and weaken Germany's war potential by rendering her more dependent on imported food.

These are constructive proposals, in striking contrast with fantastic notions like that of destroying German industry and turning the country into an agricultural State—which would impoverish all Europe.

JB insurance

WARTIME SECURITY FOR EVERY READER

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

in addition to

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE.

Twice Shy

MR. EDEN as Government spokesman agreed with Arthur Greenwood's view that we should ask for reparations, not in money but in kind.

"Although no doubt mankind learns slowly, at times it does learn," Mr. Eden said; and he told the House there would be investigation into the problem of what sort of reparation goods we could conveniently receive from Germany.

This statement was provoked by the interruption, "Coal and ships!" from a Labour Member who had not forgotten the devastating effect on British industry, in 1920, of German reparation coal deliveries to former Continental export markets of South Wales and County Durham; or the shipyards rendered idle through the delivery of German reparation tonnage, ranging from the *Berengaria* to trawlers and drifters.

Building Material

Timber was actually mentioned by Mr. Eden as one possible form of German reparations; and doubtless there will be inquiry into the possibility of expediting our housing programme with the aid of German building materials, manufactured or otherwise.

But reparation deliveries, like the future peace of the world, are contingent on a workable solution of the larger problem of controlling German industry; and it would be folly, in view of the havoc wrought by the Allied air offensive, to expect early deliveries to follow the end of the German war.

Election Portents

CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE, with 2,000 delegates, next week, will play two supposed trumps: decontrol and Mr. Churchill.

The Party managers think that the public—sick of queues, rationing and filling in forms—longs for decontrol.

But Labour M.P.s, fresh from their constituencies report public anxiety about decontrol.

Millions of homes need new kitchenware, crockery, bed and table linen, furniture, clothes, watches, tools.

Unless these consumer goods get post-war priority, people fear they will continue in short supply and be dear; so high prices will whittle down all workers' savings, all Service gratuities.

And priority for consumer goods means continuing control. That is the Labour argument, and it is getting across.

Two Umbrellas

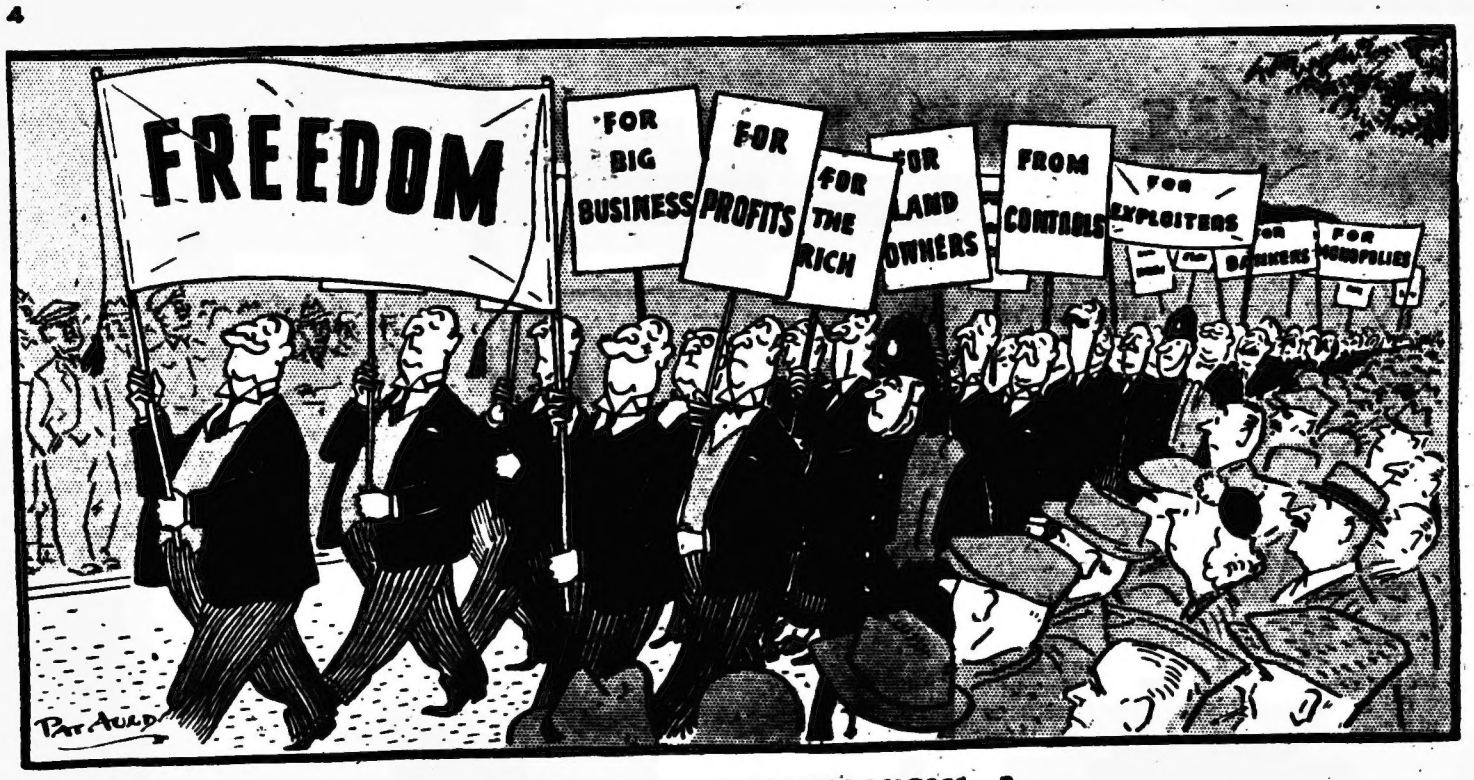
IN MUNICH DAYS, when another Prime Minister led their Party with an umbrella, Conservatives had no use for Winston; but now he is the umbrella under which they are glad to shelter from public opinion.

He makes them look respectable, much as an earl's presence inspires confidence on the board of a bucketshop.

The Bolshevik Bogey

But the misgivings aroused in his Party by his eager acceptance of Stalin's Polish policies are much wider and deeper than a muster of 25 rebel M.P.s in the division lobby would indicate.

To imagine that Russian military skill and courage have reconciled British Diehards to the Soviet set-up is to ignore the economic motives that mostly determine men's political opinions; and



CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY !

The Conservative Party Annual Conference opens on March 14th

the Polish debate has stirred anew the old mistrust of Mr. Churchill, which kept him out of office for a decade before the war.

Attlee's Assets

MODEST CLEM ATTLEE, relying for his appeal on the obvious sincerity that counts for more even than glamour, has been impressing his recent meetings.

He has done well to insist that Labour, so far from wanting to nationalise everything, proposes public ownership only for basic monopolies.

"We are not lovers of control for its own sake," he said, and it needed saying. Nationalisation is not a cure-all; but planning is the condition of post-war abundance as opposed to pre-war scarcity.

Combine in the Air

THERE IS TO BE another monopoly—and this time with official blessing. The White Paper on the Government's air transport policy gives a plan for a big combine which will include the British Overseas Corporation, shipping and railway companies, travel agencies—and we nearly added Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

This monopoly will not necessarily be a bad thing. That will depend on how it is run. But it does emphasise the need to lift air transport out of the realm of cut-throat competition, a point that JOHN BULL has stressed for years.

And if national air rivalries would be bad, international competition might lead to such disputes that war would be the eventual outcome. The Americans, as anxious as ourselves to prevent fresh wars, should think over this problem afresh.

Phantom Party

THE LIBERAL PARTY "revival" won't fail for lack of expert publicity.

Yet Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's army is nearly all officers—rank and file membership is very small.

Many a Liberal candidate has been adopted by tiny, though keen, groups whose armoury contains only trumpets.

Outrageous Fortune

HERBERT MORRISON, chief draughtsman of Labour's election plans, is living proof that there is little money in a Labour political career. For years he earned £400 a year, though he would have been worth ten times that sum to London Transport, which he did so much to create.

Fate has buffeted him. Twice he has lost his Hackney seat. Desirable Party preferment has eluded him. He might have succeeded "Uncle" Arthur Henderson as secretary; but Conference decided that the secretary must not sit in Parliament, and the job went to Jim Middleton. And Arthur Greenwood beat him in the contest for the treasurership.

But he knows what he is doing in challenging East Lewisham's 6,400 adverse majority. Middle-class exodus has combined with housing development to transform the constituency.

Town Hall Despots

CIVIL DEFENCE PART-TIMERS in some areas still double-man their posts for periods varying from two hours an evening to all night long.

This is out of all proportion to the risk of the post area's stopping a long-range rocket, and anyhow, even if that did happen, every warden would be on the job at the double without having to be roused.

But, as we all sadly know, some Town Hall officials simply cannot bear to loosen their grip on other mortals.

What Money Buys

FAMILY ALLOWANCES BILL proposed to pay 5s. a week to the parents for each child except the first or only child in a family.

At the present-day cost of living, this is equivalent to no more than 3s. 6d. in terms of 1939 purchasing power, which is little enough, and will be still less if the cost of living be permitted to go higher.

Unrra in Greece

GREEK GOVERNMENT next week takes over food distribution from Military Liaison; and after April 1 the great resources of UNRRA will be thrown in, not only to provide relief, but also to restart the country's industry and agriculture.

Prospects in Greece are surely sunnier than they were; but there is no room for complacency while the Government can make such moves as appointing a Royalist to a job created expressly to concentrate in the hands of General Plastiras control over police administration.

Jack Ashore

SOUP, SPAM WITH PEAS and chips, jam tart is the menu for a 1s. 8d. dinner at a sailors' rest near the London docks.

Yet for years a Nottingham café (to give one instance about which JOHN BULL has authentic data) has been putting up a similar menu, plus a cup of tea, for 1s. —and making an ample profit into the bargain.

'Ware Table Ware!

CROCKERY IS AMONG the consumer goods now very scarce; and the *Lancet* tells how a bacteriologist tested cracked cups from twenty West End clubs and restaurants.

Every crack harboured dangerous germs, mostly those of stomatitis and mouth and gum complaints.

Racketeer's Code

CARTERS AND LORRYMEN on Clydeside are being offered high prices for stolen loads, recent cases involving £200 for tea worth £390, and £100 for syrup worth £144.

Receivers and principals elude the law, profiting from the Black Market code under which the driver takes the rap and does not squeal.

Glasgow carters normally have to put in much overtime to earn more than £4 a week, though in a week they commonly handle goods worth £10,000.

Milkers' Grumble

FARMERS ENCOUNTER A PROBLEM which the tax authorities should not ignore. Milkers are growing more resentful at having to pay income-tax for Sunday earnings. Cows have to be milked seven days a week, but the milkers' grouse is understandable.

It is not beyond the wit of man to devise regulations to exempt from tax wages earned by such overtime.

Summer Solace

TRAVELLING THEATRE FOR CHILDREN, with well-equipped stage and dressing-rooms, is to tour Leeds parks for five weeks during the summer recess.

Ideas like this, which make holidays at home more tolerable, deserve to be copied widely.

Darts Across the Sea

AMERICAN TROOPS who have learned darts here will carry their enthusiasm back home, and darts internationals may be the outcome.

Three million Britons played darts regularly in 1939, and the National Darts Association was trying to standardise the board and distance of throw with a view to a British individual championship.

Thanks, Hitler!

VICTIMS OF PARAPLEGIA, paralysis of lower extremities due to spinal injury, were regarded in the last war as helpless and hopeless.

But the Ministry of Pensions Hospital at Stoke Mandeville has discovered treatment, successful beyond question.

This is due largely to the enthusiasm of a distinguished neurological expert driven from Silesia by the Nazis' "Aryan" dictate.

Nazi Graft

GAULEITER FLORIAN, of Dusseldorf, old Nazi stormtrooper, was penniless till he got the job; but within a week he had bought a £2,500 villa.

Next day was chalked on his railings: "Where did Florian get £2,500?"

Furious Florian put the *Gestapo* on the track, and offered £50 reward—only to read on the railings at dawn: "Where did Florian get £2,550?"

CRY OF THE CHILDREN

This special message to JOHN BULL comes from the Rev. Wilton N. McCann, Acting Director of the N.S.P.C.C., who has visited many countries in the official capacity of padre to the Boy Scouts.

THAT JOHN BULL is going to back our efforts in the campaign we are waging against child neglect and cruelty is great news indeed. Through the medium of your valuable paper, I appeal to everyone to let my Society know at once when children are suffering in any way.

W. N. McCANN SEEN BY KEM

Report cases of child suffering quickly; do not leave that duty to the other fellow, for that worthy citizen may not be passing by for days, or possibly weeks, and all the time the children concerned will perhaps continue to be beaten, to be underfed, or to suffer the miseries of a filthy and verminous home.

We all want a better Britain, but we must not rely too much on others to get it for us. We ourselves must do something about it, and what could we do better in this connection than to be vigilant on behalf of the youngest, yet potentially the greatest, members of our community—its children.

Wilton N. McCann.

Acting Director, National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

SOMEONE HAS TALKED...

Men have died, battles have been lost, the war has been prolonged by leakages of information

The story is told by War Correspondent STANLEY BISHOP

LOSS OF LIFE, of ships, of aircraft, of material. Disruption of plans, delay to victory—those are the consequences which can follow the disclosure of a secret.

Some time, when the need for security is ended, a fairly near estimate may be possible of the damage to the Allied cause through the leakage of information—both military and political.

At present we can only check the debit balance in general terms. The final audit must wait.

"Top Secret." Every hour, in Whitehall, in Washington, at Army headquarters, documents are stamped with those two words. Each copy is numbered and circulated under a sealed, double cover only to individuals on a restricted list.

Our highest priority in secrecy used to be "Most Secret." That endorsement was changed to conform with American practice, and our Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry now use the more emphatic label, "Top Secret," for facts and suggestions which only the few must know.

Papers Must Be Signed For

Any officer or official entrusted with a "Top Secret" is personally responsible for safeguarding it. He signs a numbered receipt when the papers are passed to him, and he must keep a secret register of all secret documents.

When there is a "Top Secret" conference or briefing, any notes written as an aid to memory must be immediately destroyed by burning. No chances must be taken.

Yet, in spite of all precautions, information may leak.

During the great airborne operations to secure the Rhine bridges at Arnhem, our paratroops found that the Germans had moved extra men and armour into the area on the day before the British airborne division made its landings.

Lieutenant-General Frederick Browning, who commanded our troops, has himself stated that the opposition was very much stiffer than Intelligence reports had led us to anticipate. That was the main reason why we could not hold the Arnhem bridgehead.

A sequel suggests that the Arnhem plan leaked out. Recently a Dutchman was brought back to this country under close military arrest.

Newspaper reports about this mystery prisoner, who had been associated with the Dutch underground movement, openly suggest that this man may have been the channel through which the Arnhem secret was passed to the enemy.

It was remarkable—and unfortunate—that Paris sources should have let out this story, for enough was said about the prisoner—if he was a German agent—to identify him to his employers.

When a Spy is Caught

It is plain security common-sense that the discovery and arrest of a spy should be kept a secret from the enemy. His identity and channels of communication can be used for handing on to the enemy false information calculated to put them on a false trail.

Let us go back to D-Day. We achieved a tactical surprise in the Normandy landings. Yet there was the whisper of the invasion date in London beforehand.

A high American officer suffered for this. He was deprived of his command on the orders of General Eisenhower, sent back to the United States away from any theatre of war, and reduced in rank. He had spoken incautiously at a London cocktail party.

There was a big pre-invasion exercise in this country. The papers which set out the scheme of this exercise were of vital importance because they gave the battle order of the British and Canadian armies earmarked for the invasion of France. This information would have been of incalculable value to the enemy.

Officers entrusted with those "Top Secret" documents were strictly instructed not to allow them out of their possession for a moment. Yet one senior officer left the papers in the cloakroom of a London hotel.

Only a week later he was wearing civvies.

Mr. Churchill's Movements

Naturally the movements of Mr. Churchill or of any member of the War Cabinet and the Chiefs of Staff are always "Top Secret."

But when the Prime Minister had his first Atlantic Charter conference with the President of the United States the plans for his sailing and the meeting were known to a number of people who should not properly have been in possession of the information.

Again, with the Cairo conference of Prime Minister and President, an intimation of what was afoot was published before Downing Street and Washington thought it should have been.

Sometimes, on the other hand, I have no doubt that "leakages" are deliberately arranged for diplomatic purposes, or for political reasons at home. But let me give further examples of really dangerous leakages.

The following case—in my own reporting sector—happened on the front held by the 9th American Army.

A corps attack was to take place towards the Roer River. Surprise was hoped for and plans were "Top Secret." An officer spoke to the commander of another unit by radio telephone and mentioned the zero hour.

As he spoke, a muttered German ejaculation crackled in the earphone. He had been overheard by a German who was "tapping" the message by using a radio from a captured tank.

Fortunately, the officer realised what had occurred. A spate of signals swept the Army front. The whole timing of the attack had suddenly to be revised.

Leakages of a different category recently brought the cancellation of the accreditation licences of two war reporters on the Western Front.

In the first instance, a "voice cast" from Mr. Cyril Ray of the B.B.C. was sent giving the first news of the 1st American Army's attack against the German thrust through the Ardennes. It was alleged that this had not passed through censorship, and was a breach of a security silence order.

The second was the reproduction in an American newspaper of certain remarks made by Lieutenant-General B. Smith, Chief of Staff to the Supreme Commander, at an "off the record" talk to war correspondents.

War reporters attached to the armies in the field learn more "Top Secrets" than most military or air force officers. They are completely trusted by General Eisenhower and his officers. Consequently, it is disastrous, from every point of view, when breaches of security occur through inadvertence or any other cause.

Official secrets constantly have a way of becoming public property in lesser military affairs.

For example, honours and awards to Service personnel must not be published before "release," which coincides with the issue of the *London Gazette*, giving the official citation. This is most important in regard to an award of the Victoria Cross, which has the King's own authorisation.

But there was a period when a London newspaper was receiving early notification of awards in one of the Services. It happened many times. Other items, concerning orders "not for publication," were also involved in the leakage.

German Aircraft Figures

One night a newspaper received—and rang up to confirm the fact—the exact number of German aircraft reported as having crossed the English coast. The newspaper got the information within a few minutes of the report being made, although such figures were strictly secret.

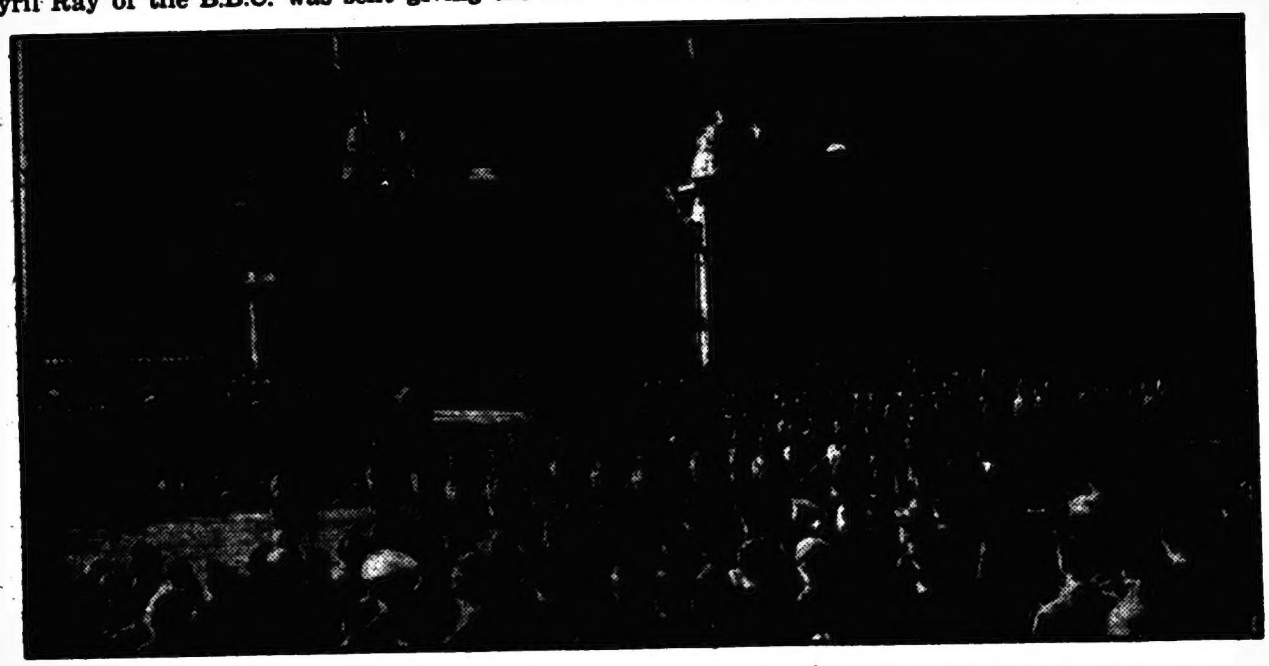
This series of leakages, although it gave no information away to the enemy, caused much justifiable consternation. Consequently, elaborate inquiries were made by special police and security officers. Suspects were watched, and telephones were tapped.

Then suddenly, before any arrest was made, the source of the leakage dried up.

Perhaps the most remarkable example of a secret told occurred in America. A report was drafted with proposals for the establishment of a joint Anglo-American very "hush-hush" security service to safeguard security.

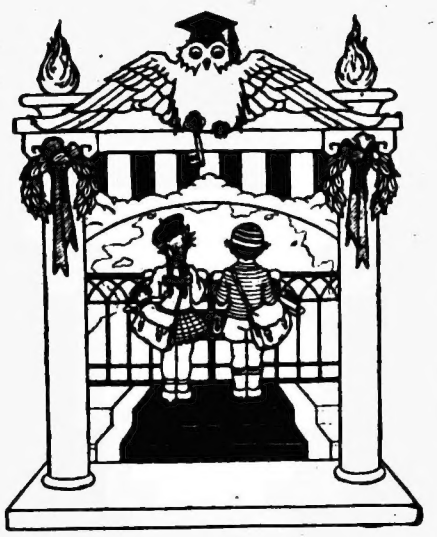
Only fifteen copies of this State document were made. Only the originator of the scheme and the fourteen recipients knew what was in the report.

Yet Drew Pearson, ace of Washington diarists, was able to disclose in his column the secret report on how to stop leakage of secrets!



Survivors of the ill-fated battle of Arnhem march away from Buckingham Palace after receiving decorations for their bravery. But reports suggest that these men had been betrayed, that a "Top Secret" had leaked out to the enemy

Argument



CO-EDUCATION—DOES IT WORK?

On the eve of important educational decisions, co-education is one of the problems about which we must make up our minds

for

1. Preparation for a world in which men and women mingle freely is impossible if the sexes are segregated at school.

2. The idea of segregation during schooldays has been inherited from the days when monasteries were the only seats of learning We should not perpetuate it.

3. In co-education, boys have their rough edges smoothed, while girls, always inclined to think too emotionally, gain from experience of the male, detached point of view.

4. Boys are far less likely to be obsessed with thoughts of girls when they meet them every day than if they feel they are something apart and forbidden.

5. Many successful co-educational schools exist, and no school which has ever tried the experiment has discontinued it.

against

1. Boys and girls develop at different speeds at different ages. To try to educate them together is unsound.

2. Games cannot be a joint activity, and so, in a co-educational school, there is little of that unity which is so important to morale.

3. At a critical period of his life, with vital examinations to be passed, a boy finds the presence of girls a disturbing influence. School life should be simple, not complicated.

4. Competition between the sexes is often unfair, and boys feel keenly the more lenient marking sometimes given to girls.

5. The experience of the United States, where co-education is widespread, proves that a very unpleasant precociousness among young people often results

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Lord Woolton,

Minister of Reconstruction

MY LORD,—Time rushes, not marches, on. Just over a year ago you told Manchester business men: "I am out for both reconstruction and reform. . . . I believe we are ready for a bold and courageous approach to the post-war world."

Then, last June, came the White Paper on Employment Policy, which you described, somewhat hopefully, as the Government's salute to the ex-soldier, and a policy of work for all.

Since then you have often spoken about the Brave New World that is to rise on the obsolete foundations of the old. You assured the House of Lords that national planning will be a reality; and three months ago you declared in an interview: "Let us be practical and get on with the job as soon as we can and where it is most urgently needed. We must 'plan'—but plan to act quickly as well as rightly."

All this is good talk, and you capped it the other day in a speech at Newcastle. You told the nation that "whenever the war ends the working schemes for demobilisation and reconstruction are ready."

You admit that the people of this country want to be told what can be done, of plans that will give them houses in which to live, food to eat, work to do, and the chance of a fuller life for their children than they have had.

Well, if the plans are ready, what are they? If the people want to know, why not tell them? If you wish to allay the growing public anxiety at the non-appearance of practical, common-sense proposals to provide what is wanted, why not give the public an assurance in terms of facts?

Let us have the time-table—and let us have fewer fine speculations and high-sounding promises.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. W. Buchanan,

President, Federation of Building Trade Employers

DEAR SIR,—State control must be relaxed, your Federation declares. The reason given is that difficulties obstructing the progress of the housing programme cannot be removed until free enterprise is allowed to get under way.

Haven't you forgotten something? After the last war private enterprise, unhampered and ill-organised, made an unholy mess of the job of making good the shortage of housing.

In view of that fact, with the knowledge that the problem after this war will be much greater, any Government that left the building industry free to do as it liked would be betraying the nation.

Naturally your members dislike control. Naturally they would prefer to build when, where and how they wish, and, if necessary, build for those prepared to pay the highest.

Naturally, too, common sense replies that the needs of the nation, of the fighting men, of the bombed out, are much more important than the demands of a specialised and interested minority. Control must stay—at least until every man, woman and child in Britain is decently housed.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Woolton says we are ready for the Brave New World

Human Machine

LOOKING ROUND

WE ALL DO MANY perfectly useless things solely through custom. It is, of course, perfectly true that the more things we can make into habits the better—for by so doing we release thought and effort for other things. But it is also true that what we try to make automatics and effortless, should be things which will help us to do other things.

It is no use merely becoming a collector of habits. It is no use becoming just an automaton. This business of making things automatic should be done intelligently.

Every now and then we should take a look round and see just what we are doing. We should see why we are doing certain things in a certain way. There may be a better way of doing these things.

This applies not only to the way we *do* things, but the way we *think* about things. If we think in the wrong way we shall behave in the wrong way. We can't think wrong and act right.

Many people are still trying to hold the world back—merely because they have always done it. They are trying to wrap it up in the same old definitions; trying to fill in bigger and wider horizons with the same stuffy and undersized ideas. It can't be done. But there are plenty of people who don't seem to know that and they're giving themselves unnecessary headaches in consequence.

Instead of cultivating this kind of habit, form a new one. Be willing to scrap to-day in favour of to-morrow. Look forward to what is coming instead of cringing away from it. Look round—pick the best—and go all out for it!

Col. J. J. Llewellin,

Minister of Food

DEAR COL. LLEWELLIN,—House of Lords revelation that our national bread may be whiter suggests that the millers are doing their utmost to get back to pre-war extraction—an extraction which deprived flour and bread of the most healthgiving part of the wheat grain.

Millers waxed rich on "offals"—that part of the wheat left over in flour-making. The "offals" were sold for animal feeding; the valuable vitamin-rich wheat germ was sold to the public in another guise.

Before you let the millers persuade you that the country is in favour of a return to the white loaf, I would urge you to ponder the overwhelming mass of medical opinion in favour of retaining *for good* the present loaf.—JOHN BULL.

Messrs. H. Leak and A. Maizels,

Board of Trade Officials

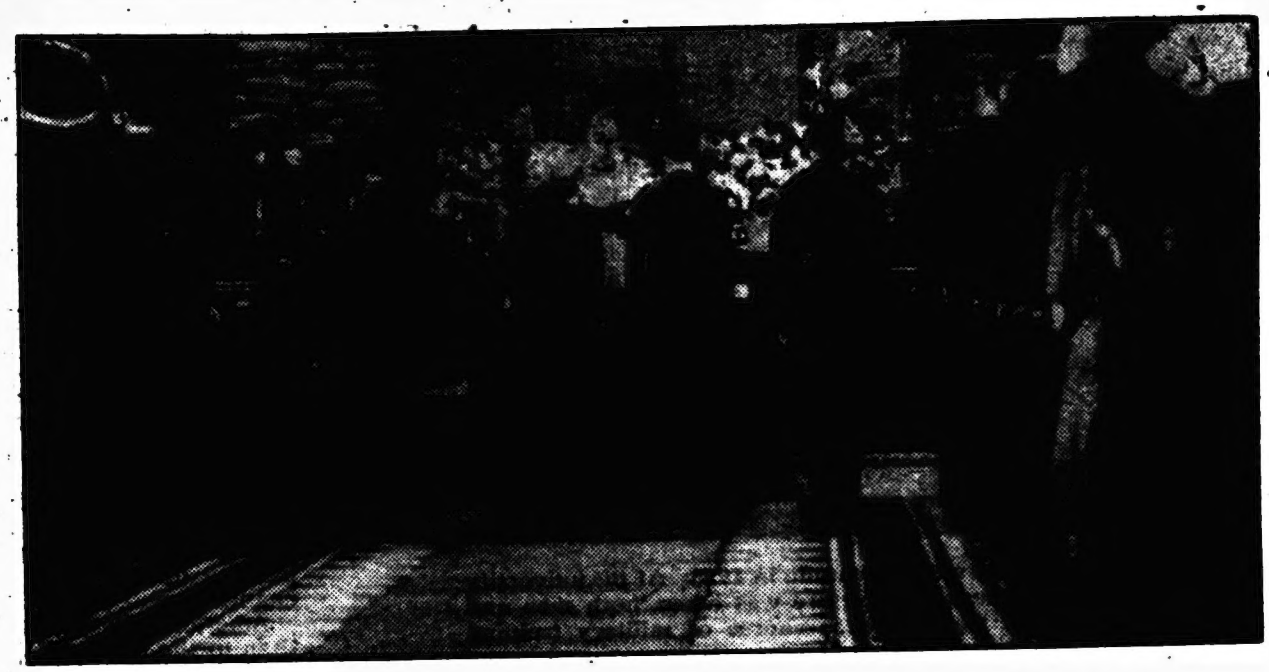
GENTLEMEN,—Figures you read to the Royal Statistical Society reveal how widespread monopolies have become in Britain to-day. There are more than 100 complete monopolies in individual products, including such things as lump sugar, mustard, gramophones, sewing cotton and flashlamp bulbs.

The monopolists themselves, while all out for private enterprise, kill competitive trade, which is the main argument for private enterprise. Because they have created monopolies they consider themselves free to adjust markets and prices without any control from the State.

Monopolies are an economic problem which must be considered more closely in view of the changes coming over the economic life and outlook of Britain and the world.

The public, which is almost at the mercy of the monopoly trades, has the right to know just how they work and how they affect the life of the family.

A full inquiry by the Board of Trade would make that knowledge available. Then the public itself could decide whether or not the activities of the monopolists should be curtailed.—JOHN BULL.



War weddings mean short-lived happiness, then months—perhaps years—of unnatural separation

MARRIAGE UNDER FIRE

Frank talk to Service husbands and wives by Dr. DAVID R. MACE, Chairman of the Marriage Guidance Council

WHAT CAN ONE SAY to a woman whose husband's war service has taken him to the far side of the world, and who feels the strain of physical separation keenly? Not very much, perhaps. It would be hypocritical to offer smooth words of comfort utterly lacking in reality.

And so we keep silent.

I want to break this silence, and talk freely not only to separated husbands and wives, but to the whole community. For this problem is part of the burden of war, part of the price of victory, and so must be shared.

In time of war some give their lives, others the best years of their lives. It is no small thing to sacrifice years of happy marriage. Those who are called on to do so deserve all our sympathy, all our support.

Public opinion should be understanding, but how often it is not. Those who greet some story of infidelity with bitter condemnation should first ask themselves whether the tragedy might not have been avoided had they helped as they should. In so far as we have withheld help which we might have given, we must share the guilt.

What I have said so far applies to all of us. But in this article I want to say something to those who bear this burden individually. I hope I can say something which will help them. Lest they should think that I speak of that which I do not understand, let me make it clear that I know this problem from personal experience.

In my own marriage this war has imposed an unbroken separation of more than three years. I know much, too, from the experience of others. My work in the Marriage Guidance Council has brought me in touch with many who have been in sore need of wise council about these things.

Letters Close Gaps

First of all, let us look at one great advantage which we have nowadays over the past. When Englishmen went off to the Crusades, a complete wall of silence rose up between them and their homes. Our modern mail service changes all that. It annihilates distance. Yet the strange thing is that in an age when postal facilities are so highly developed, the art of using them to full effect, the art of letter writing, is declining.

So much depends on letters. Their purpose is not only to give news, but to create in the mind of the receiver a vivid picture of the writer. So don't hold back when you write; pour out just what you feel; let your letter be yourself. Think aloud.

Don't feel you must send the good news only. Sometimes a letter stuffed full of good news does not ring true. It may raise suspicions which bring more worry than tidings of downright misfortune.

So tell your husband all your ups and downs, cheerfully but frankly, and when there is any matter on which you need his advice, tell him so. The thought that he is playing some part in the home life, even at a distance, will be a great help to him.

Above all, don't ration your terms of endearment, or memories of experiences shared, because you feel self-conscious about putting such things in writing, or think the Censor will laugh at you. Censors are very human. Many of them are separated from their families too. Their glance at your closely written pages will be kindly and impersonal. Forget them and write just what you feel.

Letters can keep a marriage alive. They can be like tender hands and gentle voices stretched out across the world. The right sort of letter can make a soldier feel his wife is very near him. Indeed, it can do that for both of you. It makes you real to your husband. It makes him real to you.

This will help you when the sheer physical pressure of loneliness becomes oppressive. It will prevent you from drifting into other relationships, which, innocent at the start, have obvious dangers.

In facing squarely these dangers the first thing to do is to understand the essential psychology of the feminine nature. Over and over again I have heard women say: "I didn't mean this thing to go so far, and now ——."

The emotional life of the woman is an "all-or-nothing" business. Half and half states are not natural to her. She may pass in a moment from complete self-control to unconditional surrender. Then she is apt to suffer more than the man, to find the terrible burden of conflicting loyalties a very heavy load.

Many who have incurred this burden have told me that, had they realised what it would be like, nothing would have persuaded them to break their marriage vows.

In this connection, there is a fact well known to psychologists, which should be more widely known to us all. In war-time, when death is in the air, the urge to create new life is strangely sharpened.

This is one of those natural laws from which we cannot, any of us, escape, and it greatly increases the pressure upon the lonely woman. Hence the great danger of playing with temptation. If you do, the emotional dice are loaded against you far more than you realise.

Talking Brings Relief

Talk freely about your husband to other people. If you are lonely say so. Find other women in the same state as yourself and share your feelings with them. Whatever you do, don't suppress your feelings. Emotions bottled up are apt to grow dangerously strong and emerge suddenly to upset your balance.

If ever things become unbearably hard, it is good to know that you have someone to go to; someone to whom you can talk freely—maybe your doctor, your parson, some friend of the family. But choose your confidant wisely. Sympathy can very rapidly become something more.

Not long ago a woman came to me in great distress. She sat down, and before I had finished recording the particulars of her name and address she began to speak. Her words poured out like a torrent. For fifty minutes by the clock I listened. It is my business to listen.

Suddenly the sirens started. "I must go to meet my children," she said, "they are just leaving school."

She went. I had said nothing and found myself writing off the interview as a wasted hour. A week later came a letter thanking me for my advice, which, said the writer, had enabled her to grapple with her difficulties and surmount them triumphantly.

I was greatly amused, for to the best of my recollection I had scarcely spoken a word to her. Yet the cure was complete. The sudden rush of confession had itself been the cure.

There is another approach to the situation of separation. So far we have dealt with the married couple themselves and with us, their neighbours. Now a word about the Government. Obviously their first job is to win the war, and the needs of individuals must come second, or very far down on the priority list. Yet there is a point at which it is the duty of the official to consider personal feelings.

It's Uncertainty that Kills

There is not only victory to consider, but the world which victory will bring; and if wrecked marriages on all sides litter the path to our new world, the task of social reconstruction will be terribly hard. A marriage saved is a victory.

What can the official d ? The first point which occurs to me is that as far as possible some clear ruling should always set a term to separation. One year, two years, three years—that the human spirit can bear. It is the complete uncertainty, the path ahead stretching out into an endless desert of time, which defeats human resistance.

Secondly, everything possible should be done to make letter writing easy, and the aeroplane should be pressed into service wherever possible to speed the mails. Photographs are also of enormous importance. I would like to see every serving man's wife encouraged and helped to send pictures of herself, the children, the home, at frequent intervals.

Anything which keeps contact is of the utmost value. Since stable marriages are of such tremendous importance to the future of the nation, no pains should be spared to keep the bonds secure.

For instance, leave should never be withheld unless overriding military considerations make it impossible for it to be granted. No man minds missing leave to go on some vital mission; but when he spends idle days in camp with his wife only a few miles away, and knows that it is only the sluggishness of the machinery which keeps him from her, then separation is hard to bear.

When men and women feel that their needs are receiving sympathetic consideration, a little imagination on the part of the official mind reaps a rich harvest of gratitude and confidence, so that morale is tremendously strengthened

Amid the perils and hardships of their long campaigns men dream their dreams. These dreams are all very much alike. In most of them, the central figure is a woman; a woman who waits to welcome them, to offer them the tribute of a love which has never faltered, which has been tried in the fire but has stood the test.

Russia's soldiers, as seen on parade in 1938. At the university of Astrakhan, where this picture was taken, both men and women students were given a course of military training

Women's Day in Russia

by A WELSH HOUSEWIFE who went to Moscow

International Women's Day—held this year in London—was first celebrated in 1930, since when women workers from many lands have met together annually. This vivid account of a Women's Day meeting in Moscow was written by Mrs. A. Evans, the wife of a Rhondda Valley miner.

WHEN TOLD THAT I was chosen to represent the miners' wives of the Rhondda Valley at the Moscow celebrations of International Women's Day, I was excited and proud.

We were seven on that delegation. I remember how at Nigorelli, the frontier station of the U.S.S.R., we crowded round the carriage window as the first military post came in sight.

We saw a wooden building with a small red flag bearing the hammer and sickle fluttering in the breeze. That flag stood for something, something that was different, something we had come to see for ourselves.

As the train arrived at the station platform a military band was playing, and we thought some great personage must be arriving. Then we discovered that we, the working women of Britain, were the honoured guests.

Directly the train stopped women wrapped in furs and shawls crowded around us with hugs, kisses, handshakes and shouts of welcome Army officers, men and women in uniform, delegates from factories and farms, made speeches of welcome before we entrained for Moscow.

In the Royal Box

When we reached Moscow hundreds of people were there inside and outside the great station to greet us, with a workers' band this time.

The Bolshoi Theatre was the centre of the International Women's Day celebrations. The huge building was filled with delegates from all over the Soviet Union and from eleven other countries. There was even one who had travelled illegally from Germany.

The British delegation was escorted to the royal box. By the time we had settled down people began to assemble on the platform. A great ovation greeted each one, but the greatest of all was accorded to Lenin's widow, a little woman in a black gown, with the mother of Dimitrov, the man who shouted defiance at Goering in the Reichstag fire trial.

Women in all kinds of working overalls marched in. Nurses in uniform. Girls in their pit clothes with miners' lamps. Girls who were then building the great Metro in Moscow marched in with their pneumatic drills on their shoulders. Women and girls in all kinds of sport outfits, some carrying skis and skates. As each group of workers marched in the applause was tremendous.

Last of all came the Red Army to form a guard of honour at the back of the stage. Their flags made a magnificent background.

A soldier stepped forward and with clenched fist raised pledged to all women of the Soviet Union their vow "to defend their Soviet land and the liberties of their women to enjoy for all time the right to celebrate International Women's Day."

Since Russia's magnificent achievement in the war, it is interesting to remember a meeting with an old woman who told us about her son in the Red Army. Tears of happiness came to her eyes as she told us she had heard only that day that he had been made an officer—he, the son of poor peasants.

From Moscow we went to Leningrad and then to Rostov. Here, as in all other places, women worked with men on all kinds of jobs at equal pay.

Happy Orphans

I have a vivid memory of the orphan boys of Rostov. We had been invited to lunch with the tobacco workers and a number of boys strolled into the dining hall. I asked about them, and the tobacco workers answered, "They are our children."

I was told that they were orphans whom the tobacco workers had adopted.

The superintendent told me that every boy would get his chance to study for the profession for which he showed the most aptitude.

Our next stop was in the Donbas mining area. Women worked on most of the engines underground, and in all cases it was women who worked the winding engines. No boy is allowed in the mines under eighteen years old.

Later we went to the great rest centre at Sochi. Here dozens of huge buildings had been converted into rest homes where the workers recuperated free of charge. All kinds of specialists were in attendance. One of the finest spas in the world had been given over to maintaining the health of the workers.

HISTORY TURNS OVER

by A. G. GARDINER

WE STAND BETWEEN two worlds—one dead; the other yet unborn. Upon that new birth depends the destiny of mankind. What are the omens, seen in the light of the debate on the conference of the Big Three?

It is the collapse of Europe that has brought the world to grief, and it is the reconstruction of Europe that is the key to world recovery.

This does not mean that the new Europe will retain that unchallenged leadership of the world which the old Europe exercised. In committing suicide it has lost its prestige, and the balance of the world is permanently changed.

America will count for more even than in the past. Asiatic Russia comes into the picture. So does China. The place of India in the new world structure will be another factor to reckon with. And the meeting of Mr. Churchill and Ibn Saud is a reminder that the Arab race, too, is on the march.

In a word, both Asia and America will have vastly bigger parts to play in shaping the future of mankind than they have had hitherto.

But Europe is the seat of the catastrophe, and it is the recovery of Europe which is the first step to the rehabilitation of the world.

Monopoly of Power

The key to that recovery is the co-operation of the three Great Powers which have saved Europe from the maw of Germany. When the war is over, in the East as well as in the West, they will have a practical monopoly of the naval, military and aerial power of the globe, and the policy on which they are agreed will govern the future.

Their loyalty to the common cause during the war has exceeded all expectation. It is the fact which has been fatal to the designs of Hitler and his fellow gangsters. They did not conceive it possible that three such diverse political and economic systems could preserve an unbroken front.

They have done so with triumphant results. And now, spurred on by their success, they have forged an alliance dedicated to reconstructing the world on entirely new principles.

Last week Anthony Eden made "the finest speech of his career" on the Crimean conference, where he was an invaluable counsellor

The satisfaction with which the whole world received the momentous decisions of the Crimean conference has not lessened with time, and the overwhelming vote with which the House of Commons ratified those decisions has been welcomed with enthusiasm in all lands save those of the enemy.

In being the first Great Power to set our seal to this Great Charter of Liberation, we have been privileged to give the world a lead which we cannot doubt it will readily follow.

In its main purpose, as Mr. Churchill said, the new World Order pursues the same goal as the old League of Nations. But the radical defects which brought that instrument to disaster are eliminated in the new structure.

The League failed because it could not meet treachery with force. Japan defied it in Manchuria. Mussolini defied it in Abyssinia and in Spain. Hitler openly repudiated it. And, being unarmed, the League broke and the war came.

That tragedy will not be repeated. Britain, Russia and the United States, with all the forces they command, will henceforth underwrite the peace of the world.

But this implies no world dictatorship by the Big Three. They guarantee the peace of the world, but they do not rule the world. All the nations that subscribe to the new World Order are assured their independence and their place in its counsels.

But the task of keeping the peace will be faced realistically. No Hitler or Mussolini will be allowed to emerge again. The Big Stick will be substituted for the feeble procedure of the League as exhibited in Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain, Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Instancy of action will be ensured by the Security Council on which the Big Three will each have a permanent representative, the other places being filled by election from other subscribing nations.

It goes without saying that the durability of the New World Order depends, first, upon the inflexible loyalty of the Big Three to their solemn undertaking.

Churchill's Confidence

Mr. Churchill is convinced on this point, and Parliament showed that it shared his confidence. We can share it, too, for the reason that none of us—Britain, Russia or America—dare contemplate the only alternative to failure—a Third World War.

The next condition of success is the acceptance by all the United Nations of the sacrifices they will be called upon to make in the general interest of European security.

Nerves are bare and stomachs are empty all over the Continent, and after the agonies of the past five years we cannot wonder that minds are distraught and tempers brittle.

But we must all be patient with each other. The reconstruction of Europe will not be accomplished out of hand. It will be the work of years, even of generations. And in the interval we

R A PAGE

shall all have to put up with many things we do not like.

Over the start made in the Crimea we are entitled to rejoice. If it does not exceed our highest hopes, it certainly realises our utmost expectations.

It is not wholly without blemish. Whatever view we take of the Polish question—and there is much to be said on both sides—it is regrettable that Russia "jumped the claim" prematurely, without, as Mr. Greenwood observed, Poland being in a position to put her case.

But the compensation is ample, and since both President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are satisfied that the settlement is just and that the independence of Poland is safeguarded, the incident may be fairly regarded as closed.

Eden's Talks on France

One aspect of European reconstruction is giving anxiety. It is the case of France.

If the two world wars have established one fact more than another, it is the necessity of a close regional understanding between the Western *bloc* of Britain, France and the Low Countries. It need not be the complete union offered by Mr. Churchill to France in the days of her despairing surrender in 1940. But it might well approximate to that.

Unfortunately, there are symptoms, much criticised in France itself, that General de Gaulle is disposed to play a game of international politics in which Britain and the United States tend to be cold-shouldered.

It is to be hoped that the visit of M. Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, to London and his talks with Mr. Eden will restore the relations of the two countries to the plans of that common understanding which is so essential to both.

This is no time for misunderstandings, bad temper or the playing of lone hands. All Europe is a desert. All Europe must address itself to the task of building a nobler structure on the ruins of the old.

The Crimean Conference has given us the plan of campaign. It is up to the peoples of all lands to see that it is accomplished.

Clem Attlee, with Eden, goes to the San Francisco conference next month to work out plans for a saner world based on cold common sense

Read this article and pity the child victims of infamy of whom it tells. But pity is no remedy for cruelty. What should be done? JOHN BULL will explain next week in the final article in this series by our Special Commissioner.

WILLIAM J. GAGE

Cry of the Children—2

STATE-MADE CRIMINALS

"IN NEED OF CARE and protection . . ."

How many times in documents examined during these investigations those words have occurred!

I am now inclined to smile ironically at the sight of them. They flow so smoothly from the magisterial tongue—yet at best they mean so little.

And at the worst . . .?

I have before me the story of a backward boy, Ronald Berston, classed as fit for farm work by the children's home to which the law consigned him, and sent to a Scottish farm.

One day—it was all very tragic and sudden—the farmer called in a doctor, who prescribed for the child. The next day the doctor called again.

Ronald Berston was dead.

The doctor, who had no reason to suspect other than natural causes, gave the required certificate. The small coffin was duly brought to the farmhouse and arrangements for the funeral made.

Police Were Insistent

Meantime, a dramatic development had taken place.

Just after the lad died, a farm labourer called at the local police station. He had heard of the boy's death, and he had come to speak his mind.

"That boy was badly treated," he said. "There were bruises all over him."

This unsupported statement was little enough to go on, but a shrewd police officer knows the truth when he hears it. Inquiries were made. At first they came to nothing. There was a good deal of talk in the neighbourhood, admittedly, but talk is not evidence.

Then the police took a bold action—they called to inspect the body. When the body was examined, sores were found on the legs, and there were distinct marks of bruising on legs and thighs. The cause of death, however, was pneumonia; as to that the doctors were agreed. The bruises had nothing to do with the boy's death, and might well have been caused by a fall.

Again it would have been easy to have closed the case, but the police were not satisfied. The officials concerned in "boarding out" the unfortunate lad could not help them, for there had been little inspection, if any, of the farm; but one by one they traced the possible witnesses, and at last the whole story was told.

Savage Assaults

The boy had been worked anything up to sixteen hours a day, with fifteen-minute breaks for meals. He had been kicked, thrashed, ducked head-first in a cattle trough, put on "half-rations" as a punishment for "idling"—in fact, driven mercilessly from dawn to dark.

The farmer was charged with assaulting young Berston, and he pleaded guilty. Deplorable and callous, said the judge—and the farmer got a *two months'* sentence.

I have examined the evidence carefully. It shows clearly that the assaults took place repeatedly over a period of seven months, that they were savage and unprovoked, that the man knew the boy was not normal.

These assaults and bruises had played no part in the death, but a sentence of two months was useless and quite inadequate.

Faced with a story such as this, the natural reaction is horror—the demand for sterner penalties, a determination to see justice done. But justice after the event is little use to the small bruised body of a child. It is our business to inquire *why* such things happen, and to seek that prevention which is so much better than cure.

Confused Laws

The tragedy of the unwanted child, to whom immediate and sympathetic guardianship should be offered by the law, comes not so much from wilful neglect of duty on the part of officialdom as from the confusion and inadequacy of the official machine.

Authorities, burdened by many duties, are far too ready to delegate their responsibilities. Control is lax, for there is no uniform code by which children's homes are governed.

All manner of people run them; and foster parents, too, are, to say the least of it, a very mixed bunch.

Consider the problem for a moment. How many people are there who, unless prompted by financial need, are really willing to take the responsibility of bringing up a neglected child—a child frightened, unruly, perhaps criminally inclined?

To face that question squarely is to see the plain realities of the situation.

But has the question ever been squarely faced?

A few months ago a woman was found to have no less than five children in her care. They were all in a filthy condition, with obvious signs of serious neglect. The woman was proved to have left them night after night while she went the rounds of the local taverns.

She was Bored

Inspection? Once in ten months—and then only by a young girl, who called by appointment. Needless to say she found the children hastily trimmed up for the occasion, and so reported that all was well.

Such cases afford shocking proof of defects in our official machinery, but there are experienced child welfare experts who assert that often the neglect of foster parents does less harm than the senseless rigours imposed by "approved homes."

A girl in her teens was recently found wandering the streets. Two American policemen, who had seen her hanging round a soldiers' camp, took her to the police station, where inquiries into her history revealed a sad yet typical story.

It began when she was six years old. The magistrates then decreed that the State should give her "care and protection." So they sent her to the workhouse first of all. Next she was passed on to an approved school, where she mixed with cases far worse than hers. At fourteen, having escaped and been recaptured, she spent some time in a remand home. From there she

Florence Horsbrugh, M.P., has worked conscientiously for years to obtain adequate protection for unwanted children

was sent first to one approved school, and then to another.

She was by this time quite an authority on approved schools.

Her account, which she gave with a sort of bitter frankness, appalled me. There was no physical cruelty—though there is a point at which endless floor-scrubbing assumes a grimness peculiarly its own Boredom was the ill from which she suffered.

Those who ran the school considered the Scriptures a certain cure for moral weakness. No doubt in right hands they are. But when will well-meaning pietists realise that the ramming of Scripture ceaselessly down the throats of the young is the one unfailing method of making the victims hate religion for ever?

Ten-year Tragedy

She ran away. Her first idea was to go home. But it was part of the approved school's method that inmates should not know where their parents lived, so she did not know where her mother was to be found.

She had to have money, she said, so she went a tour of soldiers' camps. Her travels took her as far afield as Scotland.

Patiently piecing together her history, I came upon her first report, the first estimate of her character made by the official mind.

A grim document, you might imagine, forecasting even in the early days the rest of her story?

On the contrary. She was described as "neglected," but her obvious good qualities were emphasised. The six-year-old girl was quiet, well-mannered, intelligent. "Demure," said the report "—and bright."

I thrust the paper back into its file.

The ten-year tragedy was clear to me. Laboriously, as though with firm intent, the State had manufactured a criminal.

What can we do to prevent the repetition of this appalling process? In a third, and final, article I will attempt to answer this question, a question which every decent-minded person in Britain is asking to-day.

JOHN BULL Short Story

Payment in Full

The young man wanted money so much that he decided to kill the old woman. But on the landing outside her room he felt he was being followed ...!

by MICHAEL CRAIG

ILLUSTRATED BY LAZZOLO

HE SHIVERED AND TURNED away from the window.

Restlessly, he walked around the small, ugly room. Round and round, passing again and again the unmade bed, the gas-fire, with its thin flicker of chilly flame, the table with last night's empty beer bottle and the greasy paper from which he'd eaten his supper. His hands were deep in the pockets of his shabby trousers. His whole body was hunched and tight with concentrated thought.

It would be easy.

Just a moment, with his hand firm over her nose and mouth, and it would be over. She had no more kick in her than a baby.

Remembering her age, he giggled mirthlessly on the thought. Eighty-four she'd be next month, and who should know her age better than he? He had counted every day she'd lived for the past five years.

No—that wasn't true. When he first bought her life policy he hadn't given her much thought. He was having a run of luck at the dogs and had money to burn.

THE ADVERTISEMENT in the paper intrigued him. "At the City Auction Mart on Thursday next, November 2, at 2.30 p.m. In lots: Absolute reversion, life 79, to £700."

There was a certain ghoulishness in the idea of profit from someone else's death that appealed to him. He had had a smug feeling of virtue, as he bid for, and got, her policy, when he thought that until she died she would be living on his money, his good will and his generosity of heart.

When he'd first seen her he'd felt jubilant. It was obvious she couldn't last the winter. Wax-white and trembling with age, unable to move one foot in front of the other without the help of the old maidservant who lived with her.

He'd gone away happily, but, three weeks, a month, two months went by until he was driven again to come and view her surreptitiously. She was still there tottering on the bring of death, but never falling over.

Pushed by a mounting fever of impatience, he sought a room in a lodging-house opposite and, gradually, his days became an unending vigil. He was there staring at her, out of his dark, angry eyes, when her blue-veined hand lifted the curtain each morning to look at the day. He was there when she took her wavering daily walk on the arm of Mary, her maid.

BUT HIS BITTER STARES and his driving thoughts couldn't make her die.

He was leaning on her front gate one day when Mary had called to him from the door and asked if he wanted a job. She had a tap in the kitchen that needed looking at. Could he help her? Sullenly, he fixed the tap and Mary gave him a shilling and a cup of tea. Since then he had done various small jobs in the house and had listened fascinated, hour by hour, to the old woman's garrulous tongue.

All her talk was of her mistress—old Mrs. Fenwick—tales of past splendour. Mrs. Fenwick had been a beauty, it seemed, and wealthy. She had married twice and had had one child. But she had survived her beauty, her money, her husbands and her child, and now she lived in two rooms of the old house, her days a routine of sleep, meals and a short walk.

One morning he awoke to realise that 28s. was all that stood between him and complete destitution. He'd have to get hold of his pals again, have to go and play the dogs.

In a pub, at the back of Piccadilly, the old crowd still hung out. On the upward rush of surety in himself he bought a round of beer for the boys and agreed to sit in on a game of poker. As he picked up his first hand he could feel the warm blood rush to his face, sweating the palms of his hands. And as he pulled the kitty towards him past his full house of aces and kings he forgot Mrs. Fenwick. For an hour and a half he wished her no ill in the world.

But when he trudged the snow-swirled streets home again that night, luck sniggered and mocked at him. His head was fuzzy with beer and his pockets empty. He owed Barney White £5, and Barney wasn't one to wait for his money.

Outside Mrs. Fenwick's house he stood and stared at the shrouded windows, at the small garden, virgin-white under its carpet of snow. Might she not even now be lying up there in her cluttered room, with death sagging her jaw and stiffening her body. His battered hopes took a sudden leap again—he knew—he felt—she was dead.

He slept late the next morning, his head aching and his tongue sour and dry in his mouth. He rose in time to stand by the window and see, with unbelieving eyes, the old lady take her walk clutching waveringly but surely to Mary's arm.

He cursed softly but viciously, his breath clouding the cold panes of glass. Cursed until he was breathless and spent with only one idea left—a little curl of an idea as yet. . . . She must die.

It took him just one hour to accept the idea. He didn't feel it would be murder—she would die soon, anyway. A week or two more of life would mean little to her, lost in her misty memories of the past, but to him it might mean the difference between a warm bed and a full pocket and Barney White's anger.

The first thing was to get Mary out of the house. Mary, who never left the old lady except for a few minutes shopping once a week. She went nowhere, did nothing.

HE MIGHT TRY to find something to drug her. That would be dangerous afterwards. There must be nothing mysterious about Mrs. Fenwick's death. It must look natural.

He'd put his hand over her nose and mouth and her life would snuff out like a spent candle. He'd turn her head into the pillows.

Or, better still! Mary had told him the old thing suffered from asthma and lay propped up on her pillows at night. He'd pull her a little down the bed and it would look as if she'd slipped and fought for breath and been too old and too weak to raise herself again. There wouldn't surely be much of an inquiry into the death of an old woman of eighty-four?

But Mary? Well, he'd have to chance her. She slept on the floor above her mistress and she'd told him she slept like the dead once her head touched the pillow.

The dusky hours of the winter afternoon and evening crept slowly on, but time seemed to fly on running feet for him as he sat on the edge of his unmade bed and planned.

He would wear stockings over his shoes to deaden noise and gloves would cover his hands.

The catch of the kitchen window was loose. Mary had asked him to mend it several times. He'd agreed to do it, but hadn't. Maybe, subconsciously, he'd known he would need it. Maybe, he'd always known he would kill her. . . .

It was two o'clock in the morning when he slipped out of the door of his room and silently made his way downstairs and out of the front door. The street was deserted and the snow, falling thickly, would cover his tracks across the road to the old woman's house.

The kitchen window slipped up easily—the snow in the jambs helping to smooth its rising. He sat on the sill for a moment and dusted off his shoes. Then he swung his legs over into the kitchen and quickly drew the socks from his pocket and over the damp leather of his shoes. His gloves on, his torch ready, cautiously, steadily, he made his way up the back stairs.

ON THE LANDING outside her room he stood still. Listening in every nerve of his body to the creaking of the old house against the wind, to the soft whisper of the snow against the narrow stained-glass windows. Suddenly he had a moment of dread, of sweating fear, and his breath came in a short gasp. He had a curious feeling that he was being followed, silently, evilly—that his every movement was being mimicked. . . .

He turned and looked down the narrow back stairs up which he had come, but they curled their ugly cold length away into the empty kitchen. He crossed the carpeted landing silently and looked down the front stairs leading to the hall and the front door. They also were silent, empty, but as he swayed the dim light of his torch flittingly from one object to another, the pale, yellow glow caught something, somebody, crouching there at the foot of the stairs!

Something as silent, as watchful, as himself!

He trembled with shock and the torch in his sweating palm slipped and fell and rolled to the head of the stairs. With a sound as soft as a murmur, but to him with a monstrous, clattering noise, it fell one stair, and then another, before it lay still.

The house continued to creak against the wind and the snow to patter against the windows, as he stood straining his ears for some movement from the hall.

Cautiously, he dropped to his knees and, on his stomach, squirmed to the head of the front stairs and slipped a

ful hand over to pick up his torch. touched it, grasped it, and his finger vertently pressed the catch up, to al, in a weak, thin light, the thing he foot of the stairs.

he sound in his throat was half a n of terror, half a cry of disbelief: re at the foot of the stairs, her dead s seeming to stare into his, her hes a swirl of heaped disorder, lay Fenwick.

or a long second of horror he stared his eyes as unwinking and glazed hers. Then he raised himself and ted down to her. Half-way he ost stumbled on an old slipper, the ted heel on one stair, the shoe on ther.

R NECK WAS BROKEN, and a thin rickle of blood crept from her mouth stained the ivory of her chin like ed vein. He knelt beside her, and n his shock-dry mouth his tongue pt to lick his parched lips.

he was dead. DEAD! She'd fallen n the stairs and killed herself.

e hadn't laid a finger on her!

verything—it was only coming to him —everything would be all right. He'd ect her insurance—pay Barney, start in to play the dogs—start again to himself. It was like awakening from ightmare. . . . He was glad. Oh, he s glad he hadn't had to kill her. . . . never know. Something might e gone wrong . . . something. . . .

Mary!

Had she heard anything? The drop the torch? She might have. She ght be down at any moment! Find n here. Make him explain. It would e some explaining. He'd better get ay from the house. Get back to his m and into bed as soon as possible.

He rose jerkily and started up the irs again. And stopped . . . listen- . . . Was she moving about up- irs? She had heard something. No. There wasn't a sound. She was l asleep . . . asleep like the dead. He ddered.

Suddenly, he knew he couldn't make t long passage up the front stairs, oss the landing and down the back o the kitchen. He couldn't do it. His ry movement was jumpy, nervous. must get hold of himself—he must out of here. . . .

The front-door. Of course! From re only a few yards and he'd be safe his room.

He leapt to the door, pulled back the vy bolts and, with relief, felt the d air, the snow hit his face.

He reached the gate and had closed ith awkward, trembling hands when iceman Hardy, on his nightly beat, sing the cold and the snow, casually ng the light of his torch over Mrs. wick's railings.

For a second he stared into the police- n's round, cold-red face and then, eft of every sense but panic, he ran.

Over his shoulder he could hear the ck voice shouting at him. Shouting him to stop, to explain. . . . Could r heavy feet thudding after him rough the snow.

Explain? He couldn't explain. His ughts sobbed and twisted hopelessly. plain that he'd gone to murder, but t he hadn't. Explain that she'd been d before . . . before. . . . They'd er believe him. Never. They'd look her insurance policy and find him at other end of it. Then they'd never lieve he hadn't killed her . . . hadn't ved her down the stairs. . . . He'd witness . . . no one to turn to . . . y his word. . . .

The pain in his side was like a wound. ery breath through his panting lungs t. His ribs felt as if soon they must rst their wall of flesh. . . . Those vy, hateful feet were gaining on him. shrill whistle was blowing. . . .

Those heavy, hateful feet were almost n him. . . .

WAR THOUGHTS OF H. G. WELLS

by JEFFREY TRUBY

No one denies that H. G. Wells is a Great Man. But he might be greater still if he were less insulting

AT SEVENTY-SEVEN H. G. Wells is still young. Indeed, one enthusiastic reviewer has just compared him to a child blowing bubbles.

To be honest, it must be said that in his progress towards second childhood he has not yet reached that stage of cherubic innocence. Rather is he like an ill-bred lad in his teens who, putting fingers to nose, shouts: "Gar!" at his elders and writes rude comments on blank walls.

His latest book, *The Happy Turning, a Dream of Life*, is a scrappy affair of fifty pages, which has more blasphemy than beauty and more pugnacity than purpose.

It tells us something of Mr. Wells' dreams. While his aged body is sleeping, his youthful mind makes many a journey to Paradise, and he appears always to be most welcomed there.

"The companion I find most congenial in the Beyond," he says, with simple modesty, "is Jesus of Nazareth."

Jesus talks freely to him. What is perhaps less surprising, the Jesus of Mr. Wells' dreams talks with the same tricks of speech employed by the wakeful Mr. Wells.

It is clear that the Wellsian Jesus has an immense contempt for Christianity as taught by the Churches. There is scorn for the Disciples. There is especial dislike of Paul.

I have no doubt that many passages, though they will be considered in the worst of taste by his readers, give much amusement to the author.

Is it Funny?

He does not like dirty stories. But theology seems to him an "arena for clean fun," and he does not consider that blasphemy should offend any enlightened person.

Enlightened people, I think, will find the Wellsian blasphemy both scandalous and elaborately unfunny.

Yet they will find it hard to withhold admiration for Mr. Wells' superb testimony of beauty, in a chapter which he calls The Divine Timelessness of Beautiful Things:

"The other day the Happy Turning took me to the sunlit sweetness of the Elysian fields, and sometimes, after the manner of Dreamland, it seemed to me I was talking to a great number of poets, painters, artists, makers of every sort, and the talk was all about the beautiful things that man has got out of this unrighteous world, and whether there can ever be another happy harvest of Beauty, and, if so, what sort of harvest it may be.

"A point we found we were all agreed upon was that Beauty is eternal and final, a joy for ever. There is no progress in it and no decline. You cannot go beyond it. You may make replicas of it; you may record and imitate it, you can destroy it for yourself and others, but you cannot do away with its invincible divinity. Even when it is a lost God, a Beauty is still God, a being in itself, serene, untroubled, above all the accidents of space and time."

However, *The Happy Turning* (which is published by Heinemann at 6s.) tells us of Mr. Wells' life by day as well as by night. Here, too, he sets himself out to shock, to taunt and to deride, in the manner of a street boy determined to assert his near-manhood.

He tries to persuade us—on the strength of a few words—that Shakespeare was a rake who died in mute misery from general paralysis of the insane, which arises from venereal disease.

He likens other poets, from Byron to Bridges, to a crew of disinherited mourners at a bankrupt's funeral on a wet day.

He dismisses two of our most distinguished living composers, Vaughan Williams and Eric Coates, by comparing them to the sycamore trees which plague his garden and which in leaf are "as blowsy as tippling charwomen."

A Great Man, but—

He is all rudeness and no respect. Were he angry, however, he could be excused. It is fifty years since his first book appeared, and for most of that lifetime he has been urging mankind to avoid the horrors and chaotic miseries he has predicted.

Even greater than his achievements as a novelist, as creator of the immortal Kipps and Polly, as historian and sociologist, as prophet of the Shape of Things to Come, have been his efforts to persuade us to rid the world of poverty, disease, ignorance, jealousies—and war.

Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt have been driven by necessity to seek collaboration. But there is still no sign of the world education, a pooling of world transport, the proper development of science and ideas, which he rightly regards as essential.

Men still need his encouragement, but hobbledehoy rudeness is not likely to inspire them. And if he wished men to dream of Paradise, he might surely have tried to remind them of the loveliness, the wistfulness and the infinite compassion of *The Door in the Wall*, which all critics accept as one of the finest short stories in any language.

Wells must surely remember it, even though it was written forty years ago.

He wrote it.

H. G. Wells was born at Bromley, Kent, son of a professional cricketer. Worked as a boy in shops and hated it. Became a teacher. Ill-health persuaded him to write. His many scores of books range from novels to a standard history of the world, and for two generations have helped to educate and inspire young men. But he won't be labelled as a writer, preferring the description of journalist.

Radar is a man-made wonder of to-day. But the bat shows that

NATURE BEATS SCIENCE BY 60,000,000 YEARS

WHEN HISTORIANS COME to assess the values of the scientific discoveries of World War 2, they will probably be unanimous in placing radar at the top of the list.

Which is somewhat ironical, seeing that in perfecting radar the scientists were approximately 60,000,000 years late.

For it was that long ago that the unscientific bat perfected its own radar apparatus for the purpose of flying smoothly a tortuous course among invisible obstructions in the dark!

Radar, as we all know, enables us to detect enemy raiders approaching our coast, to follow their course long before they are within human sight, and is capable of many other uses.

The bat uses its own sort of radar for keeping clear of the bells and ropes in the belfry.

And we've only just discovered that.

Bat as Guinea-pig

Not only were the research people 60,000,000 years late in discovering radar, but equally slow in unearthing the fact that the bat knew all about it long before the first man infested the earth.

The discovery was made when two scientists, carrying on the centuries-old search for the reason why the bat is able to fly blindfold with perfect precision in the dark, recently decided to plug a bat's ears and see what happened.

The bat promptly blundered into any and every obstacle in its path So the scientists devoted themselves to the theory of guidance by sound—and have just cleared up the mystery.

To understand their success, it is necessary only to recall the basic principle of radar.

It is consists of the fact that when high-frequency radio waves directed outwards from an instrument hit a solid object they promptly "echo" back to the instrument, whose delicate controls "place" the object with 100 per cent. accuracy.

Using the "receiving end" of an instrument of this type, the two scientists were astonished to see it record a whole series of rapid supersonic notes as soon as their experimental bat began flying.

So they tried clamping the bat's mouth.

The bat immediately resumed its blundering into obstacles.

Supersonic Notes

It was obvious by now that the bat found its way by means of sounds uttered and heard by itself, but inaudible to human ears.

Subsequent experiment proved that these cries work very much on the lines of radar.

In flight, the bat keeps up a constant stream of supersonic notes. As soon as it approaches an obstacle—as fine as a piece of string or as bulky as a house—the notes are echoed back, and the bat, able by their volume and direction to "place" the obstacle and decide its nature, changes course until the echo fades away.

The whole thing is as simple as that.

It should induce in us mere human beings a decent humility when we are inclined to boast about man's scientific accomplishments!

PATRICK SPENCER.

Free Speech

"Why Aren't You in the Army?"

Clothes and the woman. Why does the B.B.C. play down racing? There's one contented Bevin boy. Men home from Burma need pyjamas. Fee for Civil Service examination

I AM SERIOUSLY THINKING of making myself a badge to show I'm in a reserved occupation. I am fed up with remarks directed at me in buses and tubes. They usually come as scoring points at the end of arguments over seats.

Even my old friends who are now in the Forces remark, "Oh, you still in civvies." I am twenty-one and a toolmaker. Isn't it about time people realised that soldiers would look very funny fighting with bows and arrows?—D. L. BANKS, 74, Birkbeck Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

Perfect Coincidence

I SWITCHED ON my wireless and the announcer said: "We are taking you north to hear the Bickershaw Colliery Band. They open with the overture, 'The Thievish Magpie,' by Rossini." I looked out of the window and saw a magpie chasing a chicken.

It made a couple of swoops, but only got away with a crust of bread. That is a coincidence which will take a bit of beating. Don't publish my address and give the guinea to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.—ALAN WHITEHEAD, Lancashire.

[Guinea paid as requested—thanks.—EDITOR.]

Law-Breaking Encouraged

A FEW DAYS AGO a man came into the shop of a friend of mine, bought some crockery, and asked to have it wrapped up. This was refused as it is against

the rules. The man stopped to argue for five minutes, and finally refused to buy the goods. The shopkeeper found out afterwards that the "customer" was a man from the Board of Trade.

May I suggest that if the Board of Trade has nothing better to do than send its employees round to try to force shopkeepers to break its own regulations, it should be disbanded?—D. J., West Country (name and address supplied).

Fine Feathers?

FOR MANY YEARS I paid scanty attention to my dress because I thought it was personality that counted, not pretty clothes. I found, however, that I remained the unwanted Cinderella.

Then I revised my ideas. I began to take a pride in my clothes and myself, and it brought me the happiest time in my life. I found that the girl who gets the most thrilling parts in real life, as well as on the films, is the one who looks the nicest.—DORIS BERTRAM, Knowle, Bristol.

Niggardly War Gratuities

EMANUEL SHINWELL, M.P., was right when he described the Serviceman's post-war gratuity as "niggardly" (JOHN BULL, 24.2.45). It boils down to the fact that the ordinary soldier gets about £25 real gratuity. He also gets eight weeks' demobilisation leave.

Suppose at the end of this time he hasn't managed to get a job. Suppose, also, that he has been living at the rate of £3 a week (not much with the cost of living as it is). After two months he will have finished his leave, finished his money, and be out of work. What a prospect for fighting men!—"INFANTRYMAN," Edinburgh.

THE POST-WAR GRATUITY can and must be increased. In his fine article, Emanuel Shinwell says that there is no Member of Parliament who would dare to raise his voice against an increase, and that public opinion must sway the Government in this direction. So—it's up to us!

It is no good sitting back and grousing. We must write to our M.P.s, and write to the newspapers, both local and national. In publishing Mr. Shinwell's article, JOHN BULL has supplied us with ammunition—now let's start shooting.—Cpl. M. R. (R.A.F.), Manchester.

No Radio "Winners"

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE up and down the country are interested in horse racing, but the B.B.C., although they tell us the results of university rugger matches completely ignore the Turf except for the bigger events. The compères and news readers at Broadcasting House sound as if they are too tired to be interested in the Sport of Kings.—ROWLAND STEAD, 31, Manygates Lane, Sandal, Wakefield, Yorks.

One Man Alone?

YOUR ARTICLE "Life or Death" (JOHN BULL, 3.3.45), on the Home Secretary's consideration of the fate of Elizabeth Jones and Karl Hulten, makes me think that the system of leaving the final decision in the hands of one man should be changed. It is too much responsibility.

A panel of judges should make the decision. They are trained and experienced in administering the law as no Home Secretary can be. And they are equally as capable as the Home Secretary in considering any mitigating circumstances which may exist to warrant a reprieve on human or other grounds.—Mrs. E. SMITH, Preston, Lancs.

"Horrors" for Children

WHY DO AUTHORS of fairy tales imagine that children must be terrified to be amused? Our youngster was recently given a book and, looking through it for a suitable bedtime story, I read: "There she saw a circle of phantoms sitting on one of the broadest gravestones. These ugly witches took off their rags as if

they were going to bathe, and then they dug up the fresh graves with their long, skinny fingers, took out the dead bodies and devoured their flesh."—Mrs. E. COURT, 43, Duncan Road, Leicester.

"Lifts" for Neutrals

WELL, WELL, the neutral countries are hurrying to declare war on Germany and to scramble on to the Victory wagon at the last moment. As A. G. Gardiner pointed out in his article (JOHN BULL, 3.3.45), one or two of them, such as Turkey, have earned a lift. But we should be wary of the others.

We should continue to treat them as neutral in peace as well as in war. Perhaps they won't like being left out. But when we could have done with their help in the war, we didn't get it. So they have no right to expect our help in the peace.—G. ROBINSON, Wandsworth Road, S.W.

Scrambled

I AGREE WITH WHAT your correspondent had to say about nightmare income tax forms, but the poor grocer has had his trials, too. The Ministry of Food forgets that the person we call to the counter hasn't been called to the bar.

This, for instance, is how the Government at one time decided to whom dried eggs should be sold: "R.B.8R. holders registered for sugar, or having R.B.8X. endorsed 'not registered for sugar' and stamped with the Food Office stamp, and in both cases presenting cards covering eight weeks, endorsing the eight 'quarter preserves' coupons with the letter Q, even if they have been cancelled on the purchase of preserves."—M. INGHAM, 6, Whalley Road, Padiham, Lancs.

Comrades Underground

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND why youths drafted for mining work make such a fuss. I found the job tough, but bearable. The spirit of comradeship among the men and boys equals, and perhaps exceeds, that found in the Services.—HERBERT TAYLOR, 6, North Parade, Halifax, Yorks.

Youthful Self-Help

THE LETTER FROM a reader who made a dummy piano for practising on when he was twelve years old (JOHN BULL, 17.2.45) should be an example to the youths of to-day. In my opinion, far too much is done for children now. They do not depend on their own resources for amusement, for learning, or anything else.—Mrs. D. K. BENNETT, 18, Council Houses, The Dale, Hathersage, Sheffield.

Burma Man's Need

I AM HOME on twenty-eight days' leave from Burma, and have nothing but praise for the way we were treated on disembarkation. I can't think why such a noise was made about the lack of re-

ception. We only wanted to get home and we were helped to do that in the shortest possible time.

But the Government seems to have forgotten one thing. It's hot in Burma, and I can't sleep here without pyjamas. No buying permit is issued, so my wife has given up sixteen coupons for two pairs. I've tried every way to get them refunded, but it's no use. My wife has to manage with eight coupons for the rest of the ration period.—CHARLES PARNELL, 27, Corwen Avenue, Manchester.

Music While You Wait

HAVE JUST RETURNED from doctor's surgery. Had to wait an hour. Miserable time. Everyone silent and glum. Suggest that doctors try bit of psychology and have wireless sets in waiting rooms.—H. TAYLOR, 2, College Street, Cornholme, Todmorden, Lancs.

Price of Progress

MY DAUGHTER STARTED in the Civil Service at a probationary wage which was about half what she would have got elsewhere. This has meant some sacrifice for me as travelling expenses are not reduced for civil servants.

What I cannot understand is that we have to pay a fee of 10s. when she sits for her examination for a higher grade. Surely no other employer would penalise workers who tried to increase their efficiency?—"PARENT," Middlesex.

"The most they'd let me have was 14 lb.—one stone!"
"You're lucky! I got 14 lb. and about seven of 'em stone!"

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions. and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Toast to Freedom

A MEETING WAS BEING held between the Monopoly Managers' Federation and the Cartel and Combine Chairmen's Union. There were only half a dozen or so present, but the money they represented looked like the National Debt. In fact, quite a bit of it *was* the National Debt.

"Of course we're doing well out of the war," said one of them. "We always do. But it looks like being over soon."

"Then we'll start constructing a new world to be destroyed by the next war."

"We can't start constructing until we get freedom. After all, what are our brave men fighting for? Freedom of enterprise, freedom from bureaucratic interference, freedom to build up their businesses, freedom to . . ."

"Come off it—you're talking like a politician."

"What if I am? They know how to fool most of the people most of the time."

"WHAT we want is freedom to create bigger and better monopolies with bigger and better profits, to put it crudely."

"That's the most sensible thing anyone's said yet. The only trouble is we can't tell the public that."

"To get any popular support we've got to be great big brothers to all the small men. We must be the great champions of freedom—the powerful friends who will get war time controls lifted, so that small shopkeepers and the small business man can go right ahead and expand until they become millionaires."

"But we don't want them to expand and open new shops and so on. The more of them that go broke, the more trade there'll be for us."

"Yes, I know, but we've got to get their support in order to get our men into Parliament. Then we can get all danger of Government control removed from *us*. Removing controls from the small man at the same time is unfortunately a necessary evil.

"If you don't mind my saying so, gentlemen, you seem to have missed the point. We get Government controls lifted as soon as possible—then *we* control the small man."

"You mean that he can't get supplies unless we let him. . . ."

"And with mass methods we can get the trade by underselling him. . . ."

"And we can spend thousands on advertising. . . .

"You're right, boys. We've got nothing to fear from Freedom."

"I SUGGEST that we try to get Ralph Assheton, Chairman of the Conservative Party, sent on a speech tour round the country. He said only recently: 'We must make quite certain that after the war we get back the freedom which we have temporarily surrendered, and that we do not allow bureaucracy to strangle and confine that initiative and enterprise through which alone we can help to rebuild the shattered fortunes of the world.'"

"He also said: 'We believe that the wholesale intervention of the State in the conduct of industry, far from elevating the condition of the people, will depress it.'"

"That's the sort of man we want. Another time he said something about people losing their old freedom to choose where and for whom they work. . . .'"

"He should have said: 'their old freedom to choose which dole queue they'll stand in.'"

Anna Neagle wondered why she had been asked

Mrs. Taylor, an unknown housewife, was a great success when she appeared with a Wren, a factory worker, a soldier—and Leslie Henson

"BRAINS TRUST" WOMEN

Their successes and failures have been equally surprising

by Hannen Swaffer

THE B.B.C. IS STILL LOOKING for the perfect woman member of the Brains Trust. She is all the more hard to find because she has to please women, most of whom are very critical of their own sex.

So far, the most successful of all was Mrs. Norah Taylor, a North Country woman who now lives in London and has three children.

True, it was not in one of the regular Brains Trust sessions in which she took part, but a Listeners' Evening, when the other unknowns were a Wren, a factory worker, a soldier, an entertainer, and a business man.

And, mind you, the questions were difficult ones, set by Huxley, Joad, Campbell and Gould, and other regular Brains Trusters.

She was faced with "What is the difference between a cherub and a seraph?" "Is there a purpose in the Universe?" "What is character?" and "If the Government asked you to build a house, what features would you choose?"

"She proved that she had judgment and common sense," Howard Thomas, originator of the Brains Trust, told me. "She had a perfect voice, the reverse of a Mayfair accent. She made a tremendous appeal."

Why, then, I wonder, was she not promoted to stardom on a big night? "Names" can be made, on the air, in a couple of broadcasts.

Invisible Sex-Appeal

I have known Joad for many years. But until the wireless gave him such vast publicity the public knew nothing of him. Nor was Commander Campbell, the "Believe it or not" raconteur, anything of a celebrity.

According to Thomas, who should know, women usually fail on the air because they "never stop trying to impress people."

"When broadcasting," he said, "they are usually wondering how it will sound to their husbands, their fiancés, or even what their maids will think of it. They are self-conscious.

"I would not say there is an ideal woman Brains Truster.

"So far no such person has emerged."

Many people, from what I hear, would choose as the best Barbara Ward, the brilliant assistant editor of the *Economist*, although she is a bit too academic. Her knowledge is vast; but on the air it cramps her personality, which in private life is abundant.

Others, however, plump for Jennie Lee, the ex-M.P., who, born in a Lanark miner's cottage, became an M.A. and LL.B. of Edinburgh University, and who, in the cinema record of a Brains Trust session, nearly became a film star.

Her espousal of the cause of ordinary working folk was not marked by a trace of bitterness or "the class war." It was cheerful, witty, feminine, and spontaneously fluent. Jennie can show "sex appeal" without being seen!

Was she dropped because of the "It's all too Left" complaints? I think so!

Femininity and Feminism

Howard Thomas praises, as the next successful, Dr. Edith Summerskill. It is certainly true that since she went to the Commons—as a speaker in all her three election campaigns I know something about this—Edith has developed in breadth of view and in general knowledge. She exudes femininity—alas, too much "feminism" also—and has a considerable gift of humour.

Margery Fry, a Quakeress of distinction, always impresses with her breadth of view, her wisdom, and her tolerance. She is a living example of the high idealism of her simple faith.

Mary Agnes Hamilton was another of the women successes—and Margaret Rawlings surprised people who had only known her as an actress by her ability to answer, and with considerable frankness, almost any question.

Ellen Wilkinson, who is an admirable platform speaker, lacked sympathy on the air, however. Her voice, said B.B.C. experts, lacked beauty. It was Ellen who, in a lively tussle with Joad, threatened to pull his beard. But then Rebecca West was another guest who had a rather forceful argument with a philosopher.

Lady Oxford, one of the greatest personalities of the Edward VII era, was one of the failures. She wanted more time, apparently, to consider the questions.

Nancy and a Drink

Margot's recommendation that listeners should read the works of P. G. Wodehouse caused consternation. She did not know that, in that very week, Wodehouse was broadcasting from Berlin what we called "anti-British propaganda," and excusing his indifference to the war by saying "I am not a politician."

I can sympathise with Lady Astor, who could not be kept in order, for that was the fault they found with me in my first—and last—Brains Trust session. Perhaps Nancy was still suffering from the shock she got when she arrived and Commander Campbell asked her to have a drink! Even when she explained who she was, the sailor replied: "Pleased to meet you. Come on, just one little snifter. You want it."

Yes, I can sympathise. It is hard, when you disagree violently, not to interrupt. When, for instance, Anna Neagle said she thought Disraeli was the greatest statesman "because he was rather ruthless," I had to interpolate, "Is that your idea of a great statesman?"

I must say that Anna, one of the most charming of her sex, confessed to me that she wondered why on earth she had been asked. She was nervous in her modesty.

"It is hard enough to have a critic on your tail in the next day's newspaper," wrote Howard Thomas in his book "Britain's Brains Trust." "But to have him alongside and firing broadsides in a spontaneous broadcast is an ordeal few actresses would face. Anna Neagle did very well in spite of this, and listeners liked her quiet, calm replies, even in the face of pungent Swafferisms. Miss Neagle's voice was the loveliest voice heard on the Brains Trust."

I was sacked by a pile of letters, "No more Swaffer" from listeners. I was too brutally frank.

She Made Us Scream

Yet how delighted we were when Florence Horsbrugh, the junior Health Minister, rounded on Sir Kenneth Clark because of his views on Whitehall staffs. It showed that a woman unused to it could take on an experienced man.

Mrs. Mavis Tate, M.P., was fresh and breezy. But Dorothy Thompson, according to Thomas, "talked too much."

Why don't they ask Lady Apsley again? She was a scream!

When asked for a remedy for the small coal output, she uttered these priceless words:

"I think the miners need holidays, and I think a spot of sport and, let us say, steeplechasing. A visit to the Grand National would put a very different spirit into the miners."

"Now that is a really constructive idea," chortled Donald McCullough, the Question Master and also Tory candidate for King's Lynn, in his best hearty-curate manner. "That's nationalisation. A Grand National!"

When, later, he summed up the discussion, he was still excited at the idea. "We have had many suggestions and contributions," he said. "I wonder if I may give a casting vote. I give it in favour of Lady Apsley's suggestion of a Grand Nationalisation for miners!"

But they do not expect to find the perfect woman Brains Truster.

Hitler Helped Him to Success!

RETURNING after many years to his *Bullets* hobby, Mr. L. Sowood, Trafford, Church Stretton, stepped almost straight into the *Bullets* limelight. He won £100 First and £25 Radio in Contest 1,463 for his topical dig, Voice Of The Fuehrer—From Hide-out, "Hold Out!"

This week your prize can be £250. Or, if you care to take Mr. Sowood's tip and reserve a copy of the invaluable *Bullets Bulletin* (in the way indicated on coupon), then your prize will be increased to £275 cash.

"BULLETS" CASH NOW

£400!

FIRST PRIZE, £250

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OTHER PRIZES: £20, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1 200 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £250 First Prize.

IN POST-WAR BRITAIN
MAN AT THE FRONT
NAZI POISON
SECURITY FOR ALL
AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR
WORLD IN RUINS
LAW AND ORDER
TO ESCAPE
SOFTENED THE BLOW
CRUELTY TO CHILDREN
IN THE RING
LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH
CUT SHORT
HUBBY'S A DEAR, BUT
CLUTCHING AT A STRAW
CURIOUS
DESPITE THE OPPOSITION
IN GRANDMA'S DAY
ONLY A FAIRY-TALE
SPRING'S IN THE AIR, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

WITH ONE.....
FIDO'S .....
LET ..... DOWN
NEARLY A.....
OPEN TO.....
TOSAFEGUARD .....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,469, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ENTER ON COUPON BELOW —POST BY MON., MAR. 19.

Result 1,465—First Prize £300

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JOB FOR EVERYBODY

MAKE PEACE MAKE, PEACEMAKERS!

£25: L. Connelly, 3, Sowood Fold, Stainland, Halifax.
When Whitehall Woke Up—Profiteers Ready To "Retire."

£10: E. A. Mason, 33, Walsall Road, Great Wyrley, Walsall.
The Wicked British—Pretended They Weren't Supermen!

Ten Prizes of £5:
Mrs. Armstrong, 1, Portland Street, Workington.
Home To Mother—Socks Sent—Sweetheart, Stockings!
J. Atkinson, 2, Sutherland Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
Proud Moment—"Military Idiots" Securing "Maniac."
F. Bailey, 98 Highfield Rd., Dartford,
The Wicked British—Have Poison Gas, Too!
G. Clarke, 239, Charlestown Road, M/c
Feeding The Gossips—Taking Typist To Lunch.
J. Cornall, 183, Tulketh Road, Preston.
Revenge Is Sweet, But—Hang "But"—And Hitler!
M. C. Morgan, 46, Foundry Lane, Southampton.
Race To Berlin—Consoling Crawling Eight-thirty's Passengers.
J. Moss, 15, The Green, Calne, Wilts.
Prolonging The Agony — Germany, "Drilling" The Toothless.
T. H. Murphy, County Hall, S.E.1.
Fruitless—Foreman's "Bless My Soul!"
E. A. Purcell, 5, Dagmar Road, Victoria Park, Dorchester.
Different Grandma—Family Album Pressing Shorts!
Mrs. B. Riley, 47, Hartington Road, Liverpool.
Wise Parents—Sometimes "Oysters"—Never "Limpets."

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1 and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 New Prizes have been posted.

CHEQUES & CAKES WON IN CROSSWORD 417. WINNING WORDS: 1. Flight. 2. Peer. 3. Tubes. 4. Coats. 5. Wells or Wills. 6. Gloom. 7. Box. 8. Don. 9. Blank. 10. Pent. 11. Glum. 12. Swag. 13. Pint. 14. Jungle.

£50 SHARERS: J. Francis, 7, Eleanor St., Ellesmere Port, Wirral: M. Robinson, Stainton Vale, Stockton-on-Tees. 12 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—An entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated April 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

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BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets."

2 FREE BULLETS For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

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For MAR. 31 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

MARRIED IN HER SISTER'S NAME

Talking in his sleep. Is blood-transfusion dangerous? Pestered by a prying neighbour. When they come home

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG I was very anxious to become a nurse, but they would not accept me for training until I was eighteen. I borrowed my older sister's birth certificate and became a nurse, using her name. Not long afterwards I got married, but, as a number of my friends from the hospital were present I had to get married in my sister's name.

"All that was eighteen years ago. My husband turned out to be a drunken ne'er-do-well and we separated four years ago. He allows me a weekly sum for myself and my little girl. Now I have received an offer of marriage from a man who could give me comfort, security and peace of mind. But what is my position?

"Don't just tell me I did wrong to take my sister's name—I know that well enough. I want to know if I am legally married, and what I can do to get the matter put right."

You made a false declaration when you were married, but that does not make the marriage illegal. You are still tied to your husband, and you cannot remarry without first getting a divorce from him.

I am very much afraid that you may find this difficult. The fact that a man is a ne'er-do-well is not grounds for divorce—you would have to prove that he was guilty of misconduct. It is possible to sue for divorce on the grounds of desertion after a period of three years has passed. Separation by agreement is not counted as desertion.

You can, however, get the muddle over the name on your marriage certificate put right. Go and see the Registrar in your district and he will tell you what steps to take.

"I SHOULD APPRECIATE IT if you can help me with an awkward problem. I am a man of fifty-seven, quiet and reserved. I take a glass of beer at my club occasionally, but public houses do not appeal to me. In my leisure hours I never go out without my wife.

"But I talk in my sleep, and my wife tells me that I say the most objectionable things. Why I do this I cannot fathom because I am leading a perfectly respectable life. I have asked my wife to have confidence in me, as there is no truth whatever in what I say in my sleep, but it is getting her down and worrying me terribly."

The unconscious mind plays queer tricks. All right-living people repress ideas of which they disapprove and which are against their code of behaviour. Very often these repressed ideas are forced down into the unconscious mind and make their escape in dreams. The unconscious mind is neither moral nor immoral and does not admit standards of right and wrong as the conscious mind does. You have no control over it, and as your wife knows that your "real" life—the conscious life over which you have control—is straightforward and blameless, she has no need to worry.

"I HAVE BEEN GIVING blood for transfusions, and have found great satisfaction in this form of war service. But friends have told me that I am a fool and shall ruin my health by giving blood. I'll take a risk just as our fighting men do, but I'd like to know the truth."

Don't worry—it will not do you any harm. In fact, many regular blood donors say that they feel better for it. Here are some facts from the London Blood Transfusion Service which will reassure you. This organisation has nearly a thousand registered donors on its books. These each give about a pint of blood once every three months. This, by the way, is the most suitable interval for most people.

Their "star" blood donor among the men is middle-aged, and has given blood 102 times without ill-effects. Among the women, the record is held by one who has given blood seventy-one times—and she is a grandmother! Show your friends these figures and help to kill their baseless rumours. They are hindering a service which has saved hundreds of thousands of lives in this war.

"I HAVE A SISTER and two brothers at home, and we all bring friends there at different times. My mother is very jolly and hospitable and many a lonely person has found our house a home.

"The woman in the house opposite seems to spend most of her time watching our doings. When she can't see downstairs she goes upstairs, and if the view is not good enough from there she comes into the garden. Whenever I open the door to let someone in I can always see her at one of her observation posts. What can we do with such a person?"

The "woman opposite" has hundreds of sisters up and down the country. Representatives of her great family are to be found in almost every town and village.

Usually these people feel a sense of frustration in their own lives. They lack interests, hobbies, friends, to keep them occupied, and so they try to make up for it by a "second-hand" interest in other people's doings. I realise that the situation is irritating for you, but by constantly thinking about it you only increase your annoyance. The sensible course is to ignore the woman completely. You have nothing to be ashamed of, so carry on your friendly "open house" and take no notice of her prying.

Demobilisation

A. V., Norwich, and others: In connection with the demobilisation scheme, which will come into effect during the interim period between the defeat of Germany and the defeat of Japan, it should be clearly understood that no man will be released if his retention is considered necessary on military grounds. The Services will, however, make every effort to release men in their turn in whatever theatre of war they may be serving.

R. T., Seaham: The annual value of a house as assessed to income tax, Schedule "A," has to be regarded as part of the owner's total income for the purpose of calculating his income tax liability. Any interest payable to a Building Society is allowed as a deduction from total income. In the early years of house ownership, the interest frequently exceeds the annual value, and the owner's income tax liability is thus reduced. In later years, as the mortgage is gradually worked off, the interest gets smaller and tax liability is increased.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Stuffing is sometimes removed from—BO□STER. 2. You risk giving wrong number if you do this too quickly—D□AL. 3. There are men who find it beneath their dignity to act in this way—□RISK. 4. Sometimes places a man in a dilemma—FI□. 5. Is sometimes used for swank—□ATIN. 6. Many orators would be improved by more—S□AP. 7. Match is sometimes followed by—□LOW. 8. Gluttony makes many people this—□ROSS. 9. Hangs about a long time—F□G. 10. There's what may be called a big one between us and America—□OND. 11. Cage can be useful for temporary one—SH□FT. 12. Father's undoubtedly influences his children to some extent—□REED. 13. Long one may be necessary to put things straight—TA□K. 14. This shouldn't cost you much—S□MPLE.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated March 31 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, March 19.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 421, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 417 is given below "Bullets" Result in column 2.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

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FOOD

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NOW ONLY 12 POINTS PER 12 OZ. DRUM

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thanks to friend, who advised
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"I must say I have never had any pain since. I am sending you a postcard from another sufferer. I gave him two Moorland tablets and he said the same as I do. He said he eats better and has no pains, so he and I are passing on the information."

(Signed) H. W., Manchester.

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Keep LION OINTMENT handy and apply at once. Cleanses quickly; heals safely. At your Chemist.
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LION OINTMENT

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THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative
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There is real help for the youngsters phase of acne or persistent rashes in D.D.D. Prescription, a liquid antiseptic. The powerful curative properties of this lotion quickly soothe and heal these skin troubles. It arrests the infection beneath the skin at once and healthy skin soon forms. D.D.D. Prescription is also a safe antiseptic for cuts, burns and scalds.
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"Carrying and pushing heavy loads often give me heartburn after meals, but I quickly end the trouble with 'Bisurated' Magnesia."

The ingredients in this reliable remedy for digestive upsets neutralise all excess acid in the stomach, and relieve the symptoms of indigestion.

Ask your Chemist to-day for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Take a dose after meals and enjoy your food. 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax).

'Bisurated Magnesia

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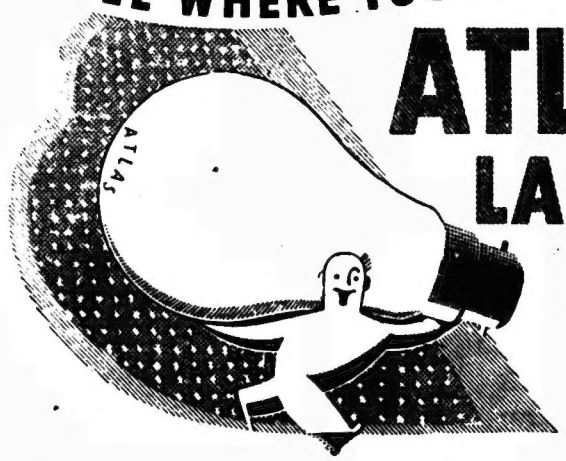

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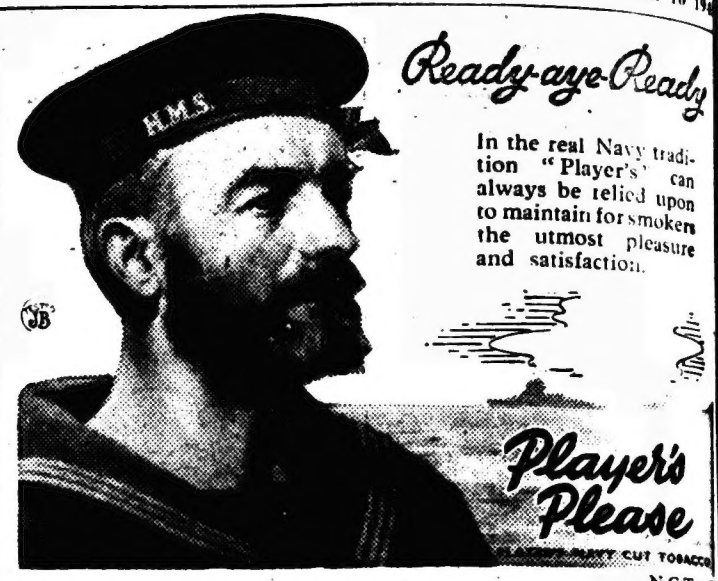
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